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No. 7.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR
—SATURDAY—

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Special attention to Care and Management of Real Estate.

=Cotting Hall was again crowded on Friday evening of last week, ninety per cent of the audience being High school pupils, to listen to the lecture by Mr. Herbert W. Gleason on the Canadian Rockies. Mr. Gleason has spent seven or eight summers in that region, during which time he has taken innumerable photos of the wonderful scenic effects which the vast mountains produce. He has also made an extensive study of the physiography, the geography and the flora of the region, so that his lectures are wonderfully informing and of great value to young people. He gave vivid

The installing officer was D. D. G. R., W. H. Stinson, of Lowell, and he was assisted by Past Regent Sharkey as guide. The work was performed in an efficient manner, and the installing officer and his assistants were given much praise at its conclusion. After the installation work was over addresses were delivered by the installing officer and his guide, Past Grand Regent Walter Hadley, and Mrs. Mary E. Knowles, the latter giving a series of readings which were received in an enthusiastic manner. Mr. Frederick A. Hortter, who was chairman of the evening, in a fitting speech, presented Frederick B. David, formerly of this town, and for a number of years secretary of the lodge, with a R. A. watch chain. Mr. Kidder was presented with a past regent's badge. When these exercises were over all adjourned to the banquet hall, where a collation was served under the direction of a committee composed of Frederick A. Hortter, John Ewart and C. R. Munch; Jr. Dancing closed the evening's program.

YERXA & YERXA.

The Arlington Woman's Club will hold a regular meeting in Associated Hall, next Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3d at three o'clock. Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward will address the club on the subject of "Arts and Crafts of Mexico." Miss Edith Castle, a contralto, and one who sings very delightfully, is to be the soloist.

=Sub-master Smith at Arlington High has recently formed a German Club among those of the school pupils interested in the study of the language. The club starts out with a large and flourishing number and is to meet in Mr. Smith's

All In a Garden Fair

The Evening Visitor Whose Presence Was Not an Intrusion.

By A. C. ROWSEY.

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It was a queerly placed little house, this old home, perched nearly a hundred feet above the wide asphalted street that had been graded through the hill crest to the river, a hundred and fifty yards distant to the west.

There was a ragged front of jagged rock from the street line up to the garden in front of the old colonial house at the top of the main made cliff. Shaky with age, a fence of white palings running the edge of the precipice as if to fend off the hated city from the innocent, fresh country beauty that thrived over its rocky top with the street below.

For Nature was in league against the piling. She strived to cover the rocks with blossoming honeysuckle vines and gorgeous wistaria claspers and hung the flowers, like ripening grapes, in the sunny sides of the cliff where the dynamite had in tearing the live rock in twin opened wide crevices and gaping wounds in her side.

The top of the hill and the garden were reached by a long flight of wooden stairs weather worn and shabby for want of paint.

At the top of the stairs was a high gate.

Beyond the gate the city disappeared. No murmur of it reached you in the garden.

Here were deep woods of giant oaks, their bases carpeted with violets and strawberry blossoms and now and then masked by blackberry patches.

The garden was a mass of color. Great bushes of pink peonies flanked one side of the gravelled walk from the gate, rivaling the array of white blossoms on the other side of the walk. The palings were hidden with blossoming Jacquin roses and lilac bushes. In the center of the lawn was a bonny brier alive with tiny white flowers.

Out on the terrace Miss Snowden sat in her rustic rocker. A dainty sunbonnet protected her saw face, just now puckered with a frown because of the fling her niece gave the gate as she burst into the garden.

Miss Snowden sighed plaintively as the girl came up the walk, her white tam-o'-shanter perched on the side of her head at a rakish angle in odd contrast to the primly dressed flaxen hair drawn taut around the little head to the long braid dangling behind. She swung a roll of parchment tied with a blue ribbon in her hand and hummed a little song, as if there were no such things as an elder aunt's nerves.

"Now, what's the matter, aunty?" she queried, halting in front of Miss Snowden at the sight of the frown.

"Matter? Why, nothing, child," protested Miss Snowden, running her finger along the edge of her crocheting and beginning a new count.

The girl dabbed at her hat until it assumed a more dignified if not a more becoming poise.

"Mamma any better, aunty?" she asked. Then, without waiting an answer, she dropped on the lawn, "And who do you think was there?"

"I am sure I don't know. How should I?"

Miss Snowden worked furiously.

"Colonel Payson?" The girl looked up shyly. "The one the papers are all so full about. You know, who's just back from the Philippines."

Miss Snowden did not speak.

"Think of him coming all the way up here to our dinky little commencement!"

"Josie!" gasped Miss Snowden, horrified.

"But it was dinky—awfully dinky!" persisted her niece.

"He's the loveliest man you ever saw, aunty—so tall and straight—and he walks with his shoulders thrown back and his head up. His hair is only just beginning to turn gray. I could see that all the older girls were stealing looks at him, but he didn't take any notice of them. He came right up to me and looked at me so queer. 'One would think he'd never seen a girl like me before. He shook hands with me and held my hand in his for a long while, still looking at me with that strange, wistful look. I wonder what he did in the Philippines to make him so famous. He must be awful brave.'"

"Indeed?" Miss Snowden muttered. She was thinking deeply as she bent over those crocheted needles. The evening light was fading. The sun had transformed the river at the end of the street into a flood of flaming color. Had he recognized the child?

"Oh, aunty, I want to tell you something! I wish you would listen!" broke in her niece. "He was awful nice, but—but—"

"But what?" asked Miss Snowden.

"He kissed me," the girl replied in an awestricken whisper, looking down at the river.

The elderly Miss Snowden quivered. She could not speak. Presently the girl, filled with embarrassment, plucked at the ribbon of her diploma, then slowly rose and went into the house, her cheeks flushed and her pretty head bowed.

The colors trooped in the evening

sky; dusky shadows appeared in the old garden. She sat, her head leaned back and her eyes fixed upon the bonny brier.

"Aunty," called the girl softly from the house, "supper is ready!"

The elderly Miss Snowden made no reply. The girl in the doorway stood waiting. Presently she stole into the garden and pilloved her head against the lap of the elderly Miss Snowden.

"After all my care, Josie," murmured the elderly Miss Snowden, "after I had taught you how even men are!"

"Was it really so awful?" The girl looked up positively. "Every one thought so. But it seemed all right."

"Josie!" the elderly Miss Snowden ejaculated in sharp horror. Her hand flew up to the girl's head.

Years before there had been a wedding under Miss Snowden's roof. Then had come a baby girl, and the mother being in delicate health, Miss Snowden had the entire care of the child. She used to bathe her and dress her, put her to bed at night and lie with her till she went to sleep. The girl baby had grown to be a girl when the young husband and father, who was a soldier in the service of the United States, sailed for the other side of the globe with his regiment and remained away a long while.

But the time came when he became impatient that he heard nothing of his wife and child. He sent a trusted messenger, who in due time returned with the news that they were both dead. He mourned for them and when he was ordered home with his command he finally sought the place where he had left them. It was a risky game Miss Snowden, who had sent back the report that his wife and child were dead, was playing. And now she had come to the end of possible deception.

Some one was coming up the path.

A man.

He was opening the gate!

"It's he!" gasped the girl, rising in dismay.

She fled toward the house, leaving Miss Snowden to face the enemy.

He came leisurely up the path, stepping now and then to caress a peony in a reminiscent way.

"Well, sir! How dare you come here?" rang out the challenge from the rocking chair and brought him to a halt at the bonny brier.

"I am looking for the parent of a Miss Payson," he said quietly, "one of the young ladies who graduated from the high school today. I am Colonel Robert L. Payson. May I ask whom I am addressing?"

"I—I refuse to answer, sir!" responded the elderly Miss Snowden hesitatingly. "Your presence is an intrusion—a great intrusion."

He bent his head slightly and listened to the voice rather than the words.

"I know your voice," he said slowly. "It seems connected with something very distasteful. But I cannot place you."

He stood in profound thought for a moment.

"The reason I called," he said deliberately, "is rather curious. Eleven years ago I went to the Philippines, leaving a wife and a four-year-old girl. They were to follow when the country became settled. News reached me a year later that they had died. Little Miss Payson looked so much like my wife in her girlhood that it—it well, filled me with a wild, unreasonable hope that perhaps there had been some mistake."

Miss Snowden preserved a venomous silence.

"These peonies, the honeysuckle, the wistaria," he murmured, moving about the garden, "all speak so strongly of my wife that it seems to me she must be here."

Miss Snowden's niece came down the walk from the house. Behind her, clasping her hand, was a slender little woman.

Miss Snowden, hearing the steps on the path, turned, stared helplessly and straightened up in her rocker.

"Josie, haven't you any more pride?" she cried shrilly. "Think, he never wrote when you were nearly dead! Think of the report his corporal brought me! Think of his not coming home for all these years! Think of his never answering your letters!"

The colonel darted forward up the path.

Miss Snowden flashed past, pale with anger and venom and fear.

Inside the house she hurried to the big old fashioned kitchen, locked the doors and from the cupboard drew forth a packet of letters and threw them into the range.

"They'll never know," she muttered, staring at the packet, feeling vaguely the shadows of coming desolation and isolation creeping upon her, while the vicious jealousy of years burned and flamed in her heart.

There was a gentle knock on the kitchen door after the knob had been turned. She did not heed.

"They've told each other," she muttered. "And now they know that I did it. He had no right to take her from me. I was so alone."

She sat in the kitchen chair and stared into the future.

And what did she see? For herself a lonely old age unblighted by remorse, for her niece life for a few years with her reunited parents in the army post, then love, then marriage with a young officer and a group of rosy cheeked, bright-eyed children springing up about her. Then she saw, but it did not enable her to throw off her selfish regret, that the other's gain was her loss, for a selfish nature cannot become a generous one. Colonel Payson and his wife left the cause of their enforced separation without reproach—indeed, without again seeing her.

Peculiar Lakes.

On the Mangishlak peninsula, in the Caspian sea, there are five small lakes. One of them is covered with salt crystals strong enough to allow a man and a horse to cross the lake on foot. Another is as round as any circle and a lovely rose color. Its banks of salt crystal form a setting, white as the driven snow, to the water, which not only shows all the colors from violet to rosy red, but from which rises a perfume as of violets. Both perfume and color are the result of the presence of seaweeds, the violet and the pink.

The Cocoa Bean.

The cocoa is a native of Venezuela. It is a pod bean the size of the first joint of the finger, six or eight of these beans to the pod. The wet beans are shelled from the pods and then fermented in heaps for six days until cured. During this ferment heat is developed that will cook an egg, so they say. The cocoa bush begins bearing at five years, grows into a tree thirty feet high, and, like the olive, the older the tree the better. The beans hang from the trunk and the under side of the limbs, sticking out on stems.

The Stuff That Kills.

Mrs. Ben—Isn't my dress a poem? Ben—Poetry will be the death of me.—New York Press.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, MIDDLESEX, SS. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY.

Petition for Dissolution of said Corporation.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court now sitting in and for the County of Middlesex:

Respectfully represents your petitioner—

1. That the Robbins Spring Water Co. is a corporation organized in accordance with the provisions of the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose of acquiring and purchasing otherwise real estate in the Town of Arlington and elsewhere containing certain springs and selling the water of said springs to dealers and consumers and engaging in the business of selling and vending spring water; that it carried on said business in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex.

2. That the capital stock of said company consists of two shares each of the par value of \$100.

3. That the said corporation has ceased to carry on business and has paid all its debts and has distributed all its assets to the holders of the capital stock, and now has no debts and no assets.

4. That the stockholders of said corporation are desirous to close the concerns of said company and at a special meeting held on the 14th day of December, 1909, voted that through its Treasurer said corporation should petition this honorable court for the dissolution of said Robbins Spring Water Company.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that this Honorable Court will decree a dissolution of said corporation and make such other orders and decrees as to this Honorable Court shall seem meet and proper.

ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY, By Wm. H. Hamlen, Treasurer.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, MIDDLESEX, SS. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Jan. 10th, A. D., 1910.

Upon the petition aforesaid, it is ordered by the Court that the petitioner notify all persons interested to appear before our Justices of said Court at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Monday of March next, by causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be published in the Arlington Advocate, a newspaper published in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the said last mentioned day, that they may then and there show cause, if any they have, why the prayer in said petition set forth should not be granted.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and of the order of the Court thereon.

Attest, RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, SUFFOLK, SS. Boston, Dec. 25, 1909.

Then personally appeared the above named William H. Hamlen, treasurer of the Robbins Spring Water Co., and made oath that the above stated facts are true, before me.

JAMES A. BAILEY, Jr., Justice of the Peace.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber N. has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella M. Briggs, late of Bedford, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to

ASS M. BROWN, Adm.

(Address) Bedford, Mass., December 22, 1909.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of WALTER T. CLARK, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to J. E. Norton Shaw, of New Bedford, in the County of Bristol.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of February, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper published in said County of Middlesex, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of MOSES L. SANBORN, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Howard F. Butler, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty fifth day of January, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

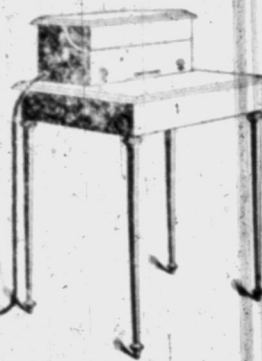
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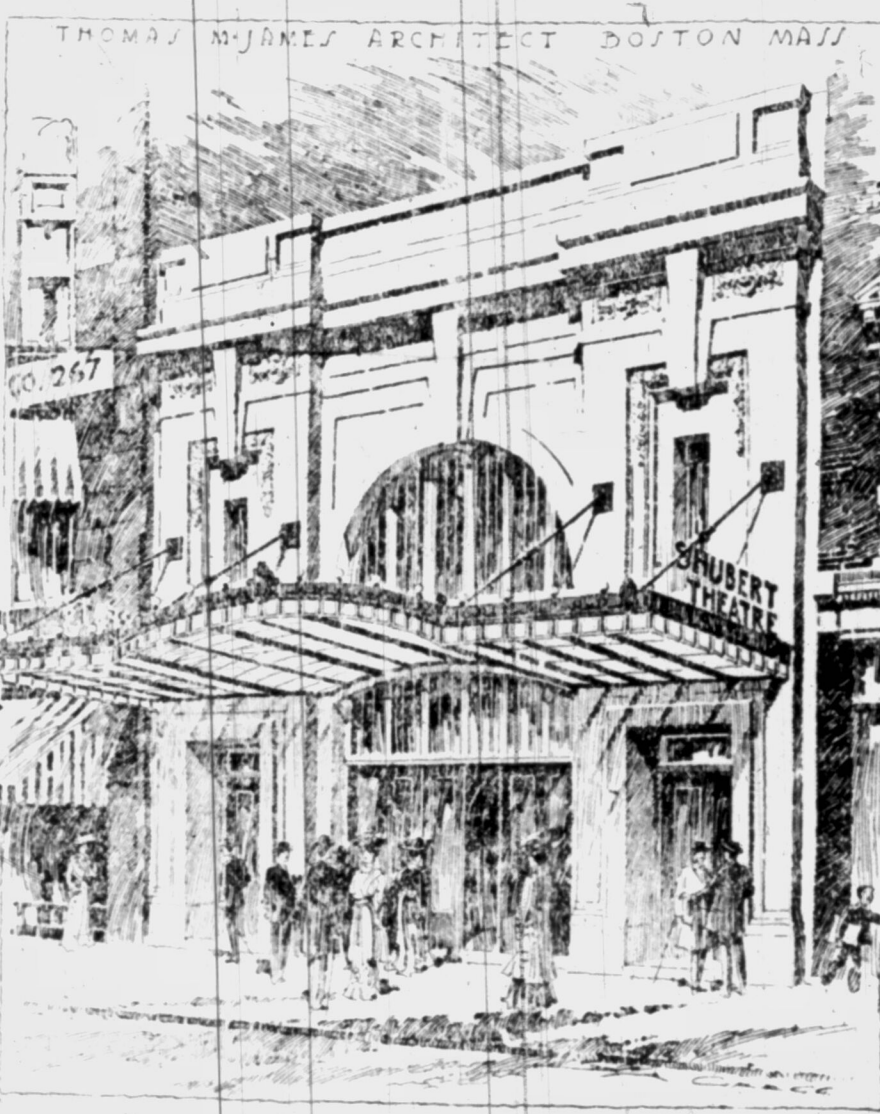
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Birds' Songs.

A French writer says that notwithstanding the fact of their simplicity the songs of birds cannot be imitated with musical instruments because of the impossibility of reproducing their peculiar timbre. The notes of birds, while corresponding with our musical scale, also include vibrations occupying the intervals between our notes. The duration of birds' songs is usually very short, two or three seconds for thrushes and chaffinches, four or five seconds for blackbirds, but from two to five minutes for the lark.

The Actor's Share.

A musical comedy or comic opera of the first class averages a cast of about seventy-five people, while I suppose about seventeen is the average number for a dramatic company. A prima donna who is not a star gets from \$100 to \$350 a week, the principal comedian from \$150 to \$500 a week, the tenor from \$75 to \$300 and the bass about the same. The minor characters range from \$40 to \$100 a week, while show girls get \$25 and \$30 and chorus people from \$15 to \$25, the average salary being about \$18.—Everybody's Magazine.

Eggs of Crabs and Lobsters.

Crabs and lobsters are hatched from eggs, resembling upon birth nothing so much as the animalculae shown by the microscope in a drop of ditch water. They are as unlike the shellfish they are to become in mature life as a grub is unlike a butterfly. In the case of the crab the egg clusters are attached beneath the animal after extrusion, while with the lobster they become fastened to the tail, which by its fanning motion increases the stream of oxygenated air through and among the ova.

An Anecdote of a Genius.

The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?"

"I know, I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

Extremes in Iceland.

In Iceland nature seems to have deserted all her ordinary operations and to have worked only in combining the most terrific extremes which her powers can command. Nor is she yet silent. After the lapse of ages the fire of the volcano still bursts out among the regions of eternal snow, and the impetuous thundering of the geysers continues to disturb the stillness of the surrounding solitude.

The Turkish Fez.

All through the markets of every Turkish city and village are little shops where the fez can be pressed and ironed for a few cents. At his prayers a Moslem could not use a hat with a brim, as his head must press the prayer rug a certain number of times during each prayer. As the head must be covered at all times, a fez or some other brimless covering must be used.

NOT A LAW CASE.

Just Wanted to Know Her Rights and How to Get Them.

In Washington some years ago there was a colored woman who demanded all that was due her. One day, at a period when less care was given to the water supply than is now the case, the colored woman accosted a man who was just leaving the District government buildings. "Mistuh," she said, "I wants ter state a case."

"I am not a lawyer, aunty."

"Tain't no law case. I ain't gwine to sue nobody. I jes' wants to know what my rights is an' how to git 'em."

"You see any of the clerks here if it's government business?"

"I ain't got no piece o' paper to shove in at de window so's to get noticed. But I's bein' 'serminated aginst."

"What's the trouble?" was the kindly inquiry.

"I ain't gittin' proper 'tention. Ev'ry once in awhile I hyahs it read out o' de paper dat somebody has got a cee out'n his hydrant."

"Well, an' cee is a very cleanly sort of creature. It doesn't do any harm."

"You didn't tink I was a-skyah't of 'em, did you? De case I wants to lay befo' de government is dis: I pays extra rent to kiver de water tax. I's had a hydrant in my back yahd foh foh-teen years an' I ain't nebber got no cee yit."

"What I wants to know is how does dey 'tribute dem cee's? Is dey prizes or is dey favoritisms or what is dey? If dar's any cee's comin' to me I's hyah wif my basket, ready to take dem home right now, 'case we ain't got no money to buy meat, an' we's kin' of hungry foh feesh anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

ENTIRELY TOO CAREFUL.

Fate of the Flowers the Master Placed in Water.

A certain good natured doctor whose doorbell rang late one Saturday night, supposing that the summons was from some one who needed his services, rose from bed, put on his dressing gown and went to the door.

A workman stood there, holding a huge paper package, from which buds and leaves were protruding.

"Is Miss Caroline Ward in?" he asked.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss Caroline Ward was his cook.

"I'm sorry, sir, to call so late. Something went wrong with the tramcar I was in. I'll leave this for her, sir, if you will kindly give it to her in the morning."

"Certainly," said the doctor. He took the flowers into the kitchen, placed a dishpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water and went back to bed, thinking how pleased the cook would be.

The next morning he found the cook holding a dripping bundle. She was angry.

"If I had the pussons 'ere wot did this," said she, "I'd empty the kettle on 'em! I'd let 'em see if they could put the 'at what my young man bought me in a dishpan, I would!"

The doctor left the kitchen somewhat hurriedly.—London Scraps.

Might Change His Mind.

Sir Frank Lockwood was defending a man accused of swindling and in an eloquent peroration talked of his much injured client as an angel of light. When Sir Frank had finished his speech his client whispered that he wanted to shake hands with him.

"When first my solicitor told me what he was paying you," said the client.

"I grumbled, but since I have been listening to you I have come to the conclusion that the money was well spent, and I apologize. That half hour talk of yours about me has done me good. It is many years since I have experienced the luxury of self respect, and it is worth the money."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sir Frank genially, "but you take my advice and go out of court. Sir Edward Clarke, the lawyer on the other side, is just going to speak."

Poorly Paid Toymakers.

The toymakers of Sonneberg are among the worst paid work people in Germany. It often happens that the earnings of a Sonneberg workman and his family, working sixteen hours a day, do not exceed \$2.40 a week. About three years ago there was an exhibition of home industries in Berlin where articles from Sonneberg were displayed, the making of which was paid for at the rate of 4 cents an hour. Numerous instances are on record of children after school hours working six hours at a stretch coloring and polishing the heads of dolls for a pittance of 1½ cents an hour.—Chicago News.

The Kings of Denmark.

The dust of the Danish kings is kept in a great cathedral at Roskilde, an old town twenty miles from Copenhagen. Every year the entire royal family always pay a visit to Roskilde in obedience to an ancient custom. On one of the pillars are marks showing the height of Peter the Great, Nicholas the Iron Czar, Alexander III of Russia, the king of England and many other kings. The cathedral was built in the eleventh century. It has two mighty towers, which can be seen at a long distance. The oldest grave is that of King Harold I, who died in 987.

His Mistake.

Irate Customer—See here! That student lamp you sold me a week ago is no good. It won't work.

Dealer—Reg pardon, sir. I ought to have told you it was a college student lamp.—Puck.

NEW SHORT STORIES

W. H. HILLIARD

They told a story of the time that a certain anti-option bill was before the United States senate when Peffer was a member of that body. The legislatures of a number of states had instructed all their representatives to vote in favor of the measure. It was at roll call. The senator of a certain state, who was a big trader in "futures" and interested in a certain board of trade, was called on to vote. His state legislature, too, had instructed him to vote for the measure. He recited in mournful tones how he had been instructed to vote yea and, with a great deal of oratorical effect, for he was a fine speaker, began to dilate on the subject.

"Mr. President," he cried, "I have my oath and my duty under it as a senator. I regard this measure as one pernicious in its purpose. It would be base solicitation of orders from those not familiar with the past history of the office and who perhaps do not know how

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Inebriety Treated as a Disease and Permanent Cures effected. Has stood the test of time and closest scrutiny. For particulars as to terms or any other information desired, address the Institute at Lexington.

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Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

Arlington Centre to Hanover Street—via Beacon St., Somerville, 4.37 5.17, a. m., and intervals of 30 minutes to 11.30, p. m.

SUNDAY—5.00, a. m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes, to 11.30 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Harvard Square—6.31, p. m., and every 10 minutes to 6.01 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway—5.04, a. m., and intervals of 10, 8, 7 and 6 minutes to 11.30 p. m. SUNDAY—5.08, 6.38 a. m., and intervals of 15, 10, 7 and 6 minutes to 11.30 p. m.

NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq. via Harvard Sq.—11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.42, 4.57, 5.37 a. m., Sunday, a. m.

Arlington Heights to Sullivan Terminus via Broadway, 5.15, a. m., and intervals of 15, 7 and 6 minutes to 11.30, night. SUNDAY—5.30, 6.23, a. m., and intervals of 15 and 10 minutes to 11.30, p. m.

Arlington Centre via Medford Hill side—5.04, 5.30, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.30, night. SUNDAY—5.25, 6.35, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12.08, night.

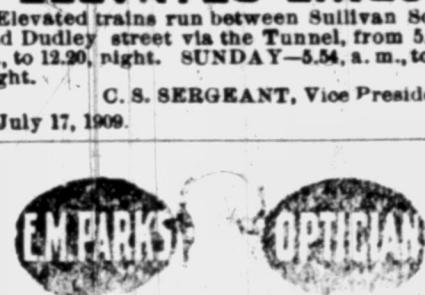
Night Service to Adams Sq. By connection at Winter Hill with Medford Adams Sq. car, 12.45, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30 a. m., Medford car leaves Adams Sq. 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30 a. m.

ELEVATED LINES.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan Square and Dudley street via the Tunnel, from 5.24, a. m., to 12.30, night. SUNDAY—5.54, a. m., to 12.30, night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.

July 17, 1909.



387 Washington Street,

Opposite Franklin St., Boston.

We guarantee first-class work at reasonable prices

C. H. GANNETT, Engineer
Plans, Specifications, Supervision, Concrete Buildings,
25 State St., Boston, Foundations, 7 Academy St.,
Room 1101-1102. Arlington

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Why It Took So Long.

The suburban customer shook the bill in the plumber's face. "I'll never pay it!" he yelled. "The idea of that little job in my kitchen taking your man ten hours! It's an outrage!"

"Now, please don't put all the blame on the man," the plumber said conciliatorily. "He would have got through in one-tenth of the time if you had chosen a more advantageous day."

"What was wrong with the day I selected?" the customer from the suburbs fumed.

"Several things," replied the plumber quietly. "In the first place, it was not your cook's day off—she was present and did all she could to make the man feel at home; secondly, your wife's society held a musicale in the parlor, and my man, who is passionately fond of music, could not help hearing the strains of harmony; lastly, there was a football game played in the empty lot next door to your place, and my man, who used to play at Yale, naturally glanced at the game from time to time. With all these attractions to fascinate him, can you censure the man for lingering a little?"

The demeanor of the suburban customer changed. "No, I cannot," he confessed honestly. "Receipt your bill and give this to the man I have been wronging so unjustly." And he dinged down on the plumber's desk a golden eagle.—Chicago News.

Community.

In the hereafter the man encountered a single group of animals—two or three beavers, an otter and some seals—all shivering, though the climate, to say the least of it, was mild.

"We were skinned for your wife's furs," they explained civilly upon observing his perplexity.

He started and broke into a loud laugh.

"So was I," quoth he, and joined them, and thenceforth they wandered on together.—Puck.

Not the Enjoyable Kind.

A Washington official who is noted for his skill at whilst one evening met a young woman who evinced great curiosity as to the number of prizes he had taken at tournaments.

"And do you really enjoy whist?" she finally asked.

The expert seemed surprised by the query. "Not at all, young lady," he responded. "I play a distinctly scientific game, you know."—Sunday Magazine.

Taking No Chances.

"I'll have your new car at your house promptly on time," said the automobile salesman.

"But suppose something happens and it breaks down," said the skeptical buyer.

"Oh, nothing like that will happen! I've hired a team of horses to draw the machine to your house."—Yonkers Statesman.

Descriptive.

It was at the opera. They were looking at the splendid decollete raiment of the ladies present.

"Do not the dresses remind you of Covent Garden?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"No, not of Covent Garden," he replied. "I should say rather of the garden of Eden."—New York Times.

The Thirst For Knowledge.

"I'm afraid," said the worried looking woman, "that my husband is hopelessly impractical."

"He seems to take a great interest in his home."

"Yes, but he insists on buying thermometers to see how cold each room is instead of spending the money for coal."—Washington Star.

Just the Thing.

Emperor—I do not care to hear your proposition, sir. Everything that is submitted must first be put through the prime minister.

Subject—Nothing would please me better. I wanted to show you the new bayonet which I have invented for army use.—Judge.

Desperate Remedies.

"I've nothing to read."

"I thought your husband had such a big library."

"He has, but I've read it all."

"Have him get a new one."

"He's busted."

"Goodness! Get a new husband!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Bad Start.

"A man always looks foolish when he proposes," said the frank young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "and I have evidently failed to overcome the absurd impression I made on Henrietta on that occasion."—Washington Star.

Consolidated.

It was after the distribution of prizes at a Sunday school.

"Well, did you get a prize?" asked Johnny's mother.

"No," answered Johnny, "but I got 'horrible meption.'"—New York Times.

Once Enough.

She—History repeats itself, you know.

He—Not always. You never heard of a man eloping more than once, did you?—Yonkers Statesman.

Perils of Sweet Looting.

He—I think I must steal a kiss.

She—Be careful. Remember what happened to the sugar men.—Baltimore American.

Arlington Advocate

Office
Fowle's Block, Mass. Avenue

Published every Saturday noon by
C. S. PARKER & SON,
Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription \$2. Single copies 5 cts

Arlington, January 29, 1910.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents
Special Notices, 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Advertisements, per inch, 75 "
one half inch, 50 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Entered at the Boston postoffice (Arlington Station)
as second class matter.

"My Country"

A year ago the literature of the country (daily, weekly, monthly) teemed with illustrations and matter especially appropriate to the centennial anniversary of the birth of the first martyr President, Abraham Lincoln. It was a red letter day, that 12th of February, 1909, in the patriotic spirit it developed and the reasons it discovered why young and old should sing with pride, "My Country."

In about two weeks we come to another anniversary of the birth of this Typical American Patriot, the man who saw in the Constitution of the United States a noble charter of human opportunity and equal justice. Called to the highest place in the gift of the nation, he so defended the Union formed under that Constitution by statesmanship and the enthusiasm his spirit aroused, that plans to disrupt that Union utterly failed and ere he died he saw the flag he loved floating in triumph and the dawning of the peace and prosperity of these nearly fifty years.

The glory of Abraham Lincoln is a masterful mind forever loyal to the majesty and power of a great thought. That great thought was the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States, loyalty to which is the first and last duty of an American citizen, higher than all considerations and superior to all sectional interests. Like enchantment it lured him to duty. To maintain the supreme authority of the Constitution over every citizen and every inch of our national domain was the larger purpose of all his state papers, of every act of his administration, and of the war measures he approved.

Into the glorious heritage of past achievement, the school children of today have been born or freely admitted because of the broad, catholic idea of the founders and defenders of these priceless gifts. To be worthy of this heritage, to preserve it, to transmit free and untrammeled, is a purpose worthy of the highest and best endeavor. To reverently celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln will be an inspiration and a help.

Cost of Living.

This is one of the absorbing topics of the day. Prices for food products of every sort, but especially meat, have been steadily advancing until a general protest has found voice in public meetings and action along the line of abstinence from use of meat by thousands of people. This outbreak is due to a universal belief that the advance in prices has been without legitimate cause; rather because men controlling great business combinations have so willed it for their individual profit.

It is pointed out by interested parties that all over the civilized world there has been an advance in prices, and that the advance in this country retains only its proper relation to prices elsewhere. A table of prices printed in a Boston daily within a week shows that prices in Canada for the same articles average one third less than is paid the retailers in the Metropolitan District. This disposes finally of the excuse offered, and another must be sought. How would it do to say the dealers had the face to charge, the people had the money with which to pay and good naturedly stood the abuse until forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

Mr. Harold L. Frost of Arlington, recently nominated to succeed Samuel E. Damon, of Lancaster, as a trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, was liberally quoted from in a long article in the Sunday Globe under the heading of "Free Destroying Insects." The article refers to the trees in the Campus at Harvard College and has pictures of the college grounds as well as Mr. Frost. We quote briefly from the article as follows:

"While it is true that considerable damage was done to the tree growth in Boston and its immediate vicinity by the recent storm of wind and snow, it is equally true that but for the ravages previously made upon the trees by the leopard moth the damage would have been much less. In other words, the trees which suffered the most serious injury at the time of the storm were already weakened. Mr. Frost is not only recognized as one of the best economic entomologists in the country, but he is an expert in the care of park trees and trees on large estates. In fact he was the first in this country to make the study of entomology useful to the farmer and gardener. Since then the field has opened and broadened in various paths of the world, yet Mr. Frost asserts that today the supply of men trained in this line of work is not equal to demand. 'Trees in the park and in large estates,' said Mr. Frost 'are surely reaching a condition which is most critical. This is

partly due to insect depredation, fungus diseases and the change of the soil conditions. In many cases the mechanical condition of the soil and the injury to the roots of the trees do not receive the attention which should be given them. We are neglecting those causes of injury which are more or less concealed, and still may be of the greatest importance. The call for park superintendence and the foresters who understand tree growth and the life history of the numerous insects is at present very great. The state colleges must train more men for this work if we are going to save our trees.'"

The Boston Record of a recent issue said:—

"Whether metropolitan affairs or railroads should get Edwin Bayley's bill for a tunnel connecting the B. & M. and the New Haven (North and South stations) was discussed in the committee rooms earnestly yesterday. Metropolitan affairs is making quite a bid for the bill, and it seems to be the prevailing opinion that the reference will be to that committee. Edwin Bayley is looked on as one of the leading members of the house this year and if he was anxious to have it go to the railroads, there is little doubt that it would go there. He is a good logician and very popular."

(Correspondence.)

GRAND HOTEL ASTORIA, NICE, FRANCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—After reading in the ADVOCATE an account of Mr. Scully's interesting lecture on "A European Trip," it occurred to me that you might be interested in our wanderings. Well, to begin at the beginning, after a rough voyage, with an occasional pleasant day which enabled us to land at Ponta da Gada, Azores, also at Gibraltar; most unfortunately it rained the day we reached Naples. As I had been there several times, it did not matter so much to me, but I felt sorry for those who were visiting it for the first time. It is one of the most beautiful sights to sail into the harbor of Naples on a pleasant day. Our friends, the Robbins family, left us at Naples, while I continued on to Genoa, where I was met by members of my family. We remained over night at Genoa, and the next morning we started for Turin. We remained there three weeks, with Signor Michela and family, making excursions into the country by train and automobile, when the weather permitted.

Turin is delightfully located in a valley, with the river Po running through it, and is surrounded with foothills backed by a mountain range that is covered with snow most of the year, and on clear, bright days it is beautiful. Unfortunately in November the city is enveloped in a dense fog for the greater part of the time, accompanied by raw, chill winds. Occasionally there are a few lovely days, which we took advantage of when the opportunity occurred, and we managed to enjoy several family excursions. During the last week, Miss Alice Gray joined us and remained until Mr. Herbert B. Turner and family left for Switzerland; then she and I bade the rest of the family good-bye and started for Nice. At the time we left Turin the fog was so dense we could see very little of the country we were passing through. The fog continued until we reached the Italian Riviera, when on emerging from a long tunnel, we found bright sunshine, blue sky and the beautiful Mediterranean, with its waters sparkling in the sunlight. From that time until we reached Ventimiglia, the frontier city of France, where our trunks are examined, it was a succession of tunnels and glimpses of the sea and pretty towns. After leaving Ventimiglia, the night had closed in, but as our train would round the shore, in curves we could see towns all lighted on the opposite shore, among them being Monte Carlo, with its beautiful casino and its lovely terraces, most brilliantly illuminated, looking like fairy land. There was nothing in its beauty to indicate the amount of misery and disappointment of hundreds who visit it in winter.

We reached Nice early in the evening and were met at the station by the hotel automobile and were soon comfortably settled in pretty connecting rooms, steam heated and electric lights, and a well equipped bath room. Our windows look out on a lovely garden filled with palms, semi-tropical trees and shrubs, roses in bloom in profusion, nothing to indicate that it is December. We also have a view of the hills, with pretty gardens and villas scattered all up the slopes. As nearly all the buildings are either white, cream, pink or light blue, with red tile roofs, the effect of these colors nestled amid the green foliage is beautiful. For ten days the sun shone brightly and the sky was free from clouds. It rained occasionally at night, but the days were fine, with bracing air. All along the shore of the bay is a fine boulevard with a broad stone walk ornamented with large palms. There is a casino built out over the water; the interior is decorated with Moorish designs. In the centre is a large concert hall, with a stage at one end, where fine concerts are given morning, afternoon and evening by an orchestra of over one hundred and twenty musicians. At the rear is a large hall for promenading and to the right and left are rooms fitted out with gaming tables, where both men and women play, some to win, others to lose. These tables are crowded all day long with players and those who merely come to witness the game. As I watched them, I felt like putting a shovel into their hands and telling them to go to work and earn a decent living. The concerts, however, are most enjoyable. There is music in the parks and in the halls; amusements of all kinds for those who wish to be amused. The city is delightfully located and reminds me of Santa Barbara, Cal., only Nice is much larger and I think more beautiful. The suburbs are also very beautiful and we have taken many drives. We are both old-fashioned enough to prefer a carriage to an automobile, and while the latter pass us in cloud of dust, we jog along comfortably and enjoy the view.

We visited Monte Carlo the other day, going by electric, following the coast most of the way, thus obtaining fine views. We passed through Villa Franca, Beaulieu and several other pretty towns, and reached Monte Carlo in one hour and a half. The casino faces the sea, but the entrance is from a lovely park. After obtaining our tickets, which are given free, we entered the great hall from which the gambling saloons lead off. There are several rooms, containing from one to four tables, crowded day and night with players seated and standing several rows deep. At times it is difficult to get a peep, the crowd is so dense. We watched one young man win 6000 francs, or \$1200, three times in about half an hour,—\$3600 in all,—and we left him playing it all

away. It did not appeal to me, so I came to the conclusion that I did not possess the gambler's spirit. I must say that I prefer the scenery and music, although it is interesting to watch the players. What a life to lead, day after day, as some of them do!

Yesterday was like a June day at home, with bright sunshine, blue sky, and so warm that wraps were uncomfortable. I took my umbrella, as I thought it might rain, as there were a few clouds, and I was glad to open it while walking on the boulevard to keep off the sun.

MRS. E. C. T.

Marriages.

DONAHUE—HILL.—In Arlington, Jan. 20, by Rev. G. H. Quigley, John J. Donahue and Agnes T. Hill.

VERVILLE—BELL.—In Cambridge, by Rev. J. A. Borden, William A. Verville of Arlington, and George Bell of Cambridgeport.

Deaths.

LEVY.—In Arlington, Jan. 22, Anne, wife of Benjamin Levy, aged 39 years.

CAMPBELL.—In Arlington, Jan. 21, Margaret E., wife of Eben W. Campbell, aged 30 years.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In accordance with provisions of Section 30, Chapter 560, Acts of 1908, notice is hereby given that William G. Peck is President and Henry Blaisdale Treasurer of Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank and that the following named persons are members of the Board of Investment of said bank for the current year.—William G. Peck, Edward S. Fessenden and George Hill.

Attest,

HENRY BLAISDALE, Clerk, Arlington, Mass., January 22, 1910.

ATTENTION.—I have chairs of all kinds, including Drop a postal to 251 FOREST STREET, Arlington Heights.

CHIROPY, MANICURING, SHAMPOOING, at half price during February.

Chiropody (any number of corns) 25c
Manicuring 25c
Shampooing (using a good egg wash) 25c

Twelve years of success in Concord and Lowell. A postal addressed early in the week to the undersigned will be attended to at your home on Friday of same week.

MRS. STELLA G. E. FORD, "Wildwood," Bedford, Mass.

WANTED IN LEXINGTON

Wanted to buy or lease a farm or

Good Sized Dwelling

in Lexington, with land, well located, and suitable for all year residence.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, JAN. 25, 1910.

The committee on towns will give a hearing to parties interested in H. R. No. 35, (with petition) to authorize the town of Lexington to appropriate money for the 15th anniversary of the battle of Lexington, at Room No. 425, State House, on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 10 o'clock a. m.

George Bunting, Chairman. William Halliday, Clerk of the Committee.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, JAN. 25, 1910.

The committee on towns will give a hearing to parties interested in H. R. No. 34, (with petition) to authorize the town of Arlington to accept a gift of a parcel of land for an athletic field and to appropriate money for the maintenance thereof, at Room No. 425, State House, on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 10 o'clock a. m.

George Bunting, Chairman. William Halliday, Clerk of the Committee.

WANTED. A young girl between 18 and 30 to do some general housework and help with two small children. Apply to Mrs. L. T. Redman, 24 Quaker street, Lexington, Tel. 147-2.

ROOM TO RENT. Centrally located and attractively furnished, light and heat provided. Apply to 41 Medford St., Arlington.

TO LET. Suite of six rooms and bath in "The Alice," 15 Medford St. All modern improvements. Rent \$25.00. Apply to Robinson & Redman.

TO LET. Apartment at 23 Wellington street, Arlington, six rooms and bath, all hard wood floors, modern conveniences, hot water heat. Apply to C. R. WHITALL, 473 Mass. Ave.

ROOMS and BOARD.—In central neighborhood and first class in all respects. Apply or address, 18 WATER STREET, Arlington. 13nov10

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

PROBATE COURT

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of

ANN ADAMS, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Charles G. Sloan, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor, therein named, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

JAMES T. SWAN,

REGISTERED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT.

60 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Tel. Main 4618-2. Residence: Newton North 966-3.

FOR RENT.

SUITE 2 IN THE CALDWELL.

Six rooms, open plumbing. Hot water heat. Janitor service. Halls lighted and paved for.

Also, house, 8 Park St. Place, 6 rooms, \$10. 3nov10

GEO. D. MOORE, 135 Broadway.

Wood Bros. Express,

669 MASS. AVENUE.

The Arlington Expressmen

and Furniture Movers.

Telephone 431-2.—Call us up.

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Will receive pupils, children and adults, in

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AT HER STUDIO:

55 Academy St., Arlington

Miss Bott will be at home Thursdays.

VIOLIN THAUGHT.

Beginners carefully instructed. J. G. LEITCH,

20 Gray St., Arlington. Tel. 239-2.

Brief News Items.

Faneuil Hall is to be the place where Mayor Fitzgerald will take his oath of office.

That the slump in stocks was simply an engineered movement on the part of men known as giants in finance, is a generally accepted belief.

Paris, France, has been in the grip of a flood not equalled since 1882, that has caused immense damage to buildings and subways.

Hon. Frank D. Allen, formerly Dist. Atty. and who started the prosecution of trusts in this state, died suddenly on Sunday at a Boston Hotel where he had a home with his mother. His former and long time residence was in Lynn.

Col. Doty as Asst. U. S. Treasurer and E. U. Curtis as collector of Port of Boston, assumed their several duties on Monday.

The employees of Boston Custom House gave the retiring collector, George H. Lyman, an elegant silver flower bowl last Monday. He has enjoyed the respect and esteem of those connected with him to a remarkable degree.

Ex-Gov. John L. Bates is again president of the Boston Republican Club. Mr. Henry Hornblower of Arlington is a vice president.

Wakefield is having a rather serious time with small pox patients but seems to have the situation well in hand. So far all cases have been in mild form.

Treasurer John A. Hall of Southbridge has been discovered to be a defaulter to the tune of at least one hundred thousand dollars and has skipped to parts unknown.

The Innes comet has appeared in the heavens this week, but clouds have made it invisible most of the time. It can be seen shortly after sundown in the western sky, below Venus on a strong angle to the right.

The rivers of New England encountered freshest conditions this week but no serious damage was caused though some bridges went down in the flood in Maine. Shut down by mills was the principal loss sustained.

The recount of the vote of Boston in the recent election was of value in one respect. It demonstrated that those in charge of polling places exercised great care. Errors discovered were almost immaterial.

Charles F. Gettemy, director of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics and supervisor of the U. S. census for this district, has a list of about 3000 men and women who wish to join the U. S. Army which is to count the inhabitants of this State.

Theatre Notes.

Gahan and Harris minstrels come to the Boston Theatre for only one week beginning February 7.

There will be a week of laughter at the Castle Square. "Are You a Mason?" which was one of the hits of last season is to be revived on Monday. It is a farce of the liveliest and most wholesome sort, and there is no rest from merriment in it from beginning to end. Its hero, a young married man named Frank Perry, pretends to become a mason to please his wife, and out of his little bit of humbug on his part arises the humor of the play and its situations.

The extraordinary success of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is most gratifying to the managers of the Tremont Theatre, aside from the pecuniary benefits the pure and wholesome drama. It is a simple story as pure and sweet as the atmosphere in which the scene is laid. Another point in which "Rebecca" differs materially from the so-called rural play is that although many local characters are introduced, they are not of the stage type. Miss Wiggin has not caricatured them, but it is not the rural quality in Rebecca that makes her so successful, it is the reminiscent chord she strikes in every heart; we can all remember a Rebecca of our youth and the play awakes memories of happy days.

As the engagement of Paul M. Potter's merry farce from the French, "The Girl from Rome" at the Boston Theatre, is strictly limited to two weeks the Wednesday and Saturday and six evening performances of the week beginning the 31st instant, will be the only chances to see this much talked of and wonderfully successful play. So phenomenal has been its vogue that there are now four companies playing "The Girl from Rome" on as many circuits in the United States and Canada. It has been called a scream from start to finish. It overflows with life, love, laughter, melody and song, the Gay White Way of New York, with its attendant background of the innumerable complications, witty lines, ludicrous situations and laughable episodes which are found in abundance. The company is composed entirely of comedians of both sexes, so capable in their respective roles, that the audience is kept in the merriest of moods throughout the performance.

The barefoot dancing craze has taken possession of Boston and as usual Keith's is proving to be the centre of attraction. Lois Fuller, the originator of this type of dancing and herself the most famous dancer in the world to-day, brought her troupe to this country as part of the Metropolitan and Boston grand opera seasons and it was a master stroke on the part of Mr. Keith to secure this great attraction and present it at popular prices. The result has been such crowds as have never been known in New York at any performance. This condition has kept up for two weeks and now Mr. Keith has induced Miss Fuller to take a step further and to give not only the Ballet of Light, but to present with it one of the most famous of her dancers, Orchidee, who made such a wonderful hit at the Metropolitan opera house in New York in her dance impersonating "Diana, the Huntress." She is without question the most accomplished of the mythological dancers. The manner in which the "Ballet of Light" has been put on by Mr. Keith is attracting universal attention. Outside of the ballet, there will be a big musical comedy in Jesse Lasky's "At the Waldorf," with about 20 singers and comedians in beautiful stage settings. Others will be Clifford and Burke, blackface comedians; Charles and Fanny Van in "The Stage Carpenter"; Marcena Navarro and Marcena; Ed Morton; the Neapolitans, and the Musical Johnstons.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The Reading Circle will meet next week Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, with Miss Gertrude Peirce.

Miss Lois Page entertained with her parents, the minister over Sunday. She is a member of the Guild and he was invited to remain and speak to the young people.

We heard that the Colonial Orchestra played for a dance given by out-of-town people, "The Four Chums," Wednesday evening, at Village Hall, and will also play for the Firemen's Ball at the centre.

At the Neighborhood Reading Circle last week, Miss Mary Grant, after talking and reading about places of interest in England, by request, gave a very interesting description of her old home in Aberdeen, Scotland.

There is still disturbance on the postal waters. They come to us constantly with complaints and Uncle Sam's ears must burn. Wags say, "Turn your back towards a woe, then watch it go and go and go," but "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Rev. Mr. Gifford spoke at the Guild meeting Sunday evening, on "United Brotherhood." This is really the work of the Guild, to come in close touch with each other for the animals band together for mutual helpfulness and the young people can grow in grace and wisdom by working collectively.

The Hill and Hollow Whist party met last week again at Mr. MacFarland's. The meeting was to have been with Mr. and Mrs. William Green, on the hill at Fern street, but, owing to the death of a much loved aunt of Mrs. Green at Marblehead, they couldn't entertain them and it met this week as just reported.

The whist party, under the auspices of Follen Alliance, met at Emerson Hall, Wednesday evening of this week. It was a pleasant gathering and whist lovers derived genuine pleasure from the game. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were served. All enjoyed these pleasant gatherings and they add something to the church funds.

It doesn't do to count on chickens before they are hatched, is an old and very true proverb. Our great expectations for Monday evening were enveloped in a fog. What was to have been waiting for the weather forces to be propitious, the sky to be alive with tropic forms, an army of snow, until it takes possession of the hills and hollows; then with glad hurrahs, make full room for the happy "Carnival Day" for old and new Lexington.

Miss Lydia Blanchard, whose former home was in our village, sent us, Jan. 15, a postal card from Los Angeles, Cal., which has a picture of Curtis' first flight, Aviation Field. She writes, "No doubt you know that Los Angeles is alive with airships at the present writing. The air is filled with monoplanes, biplanes and dirigibles. About 40,000 people are at Aviation Camp each day. We have been out once and expect to go again next week."

Rev. Mr. Gifford, of Melrose, preached at Follen church, and his text was, "Freely ye have received, freely give." His subject was "Our Indebtedness." He said each individual owes more than he can possibly pay. He illustrated by the example of a student who pays but very little with his tuition, in comparison with the vast amount of time which instructors have given to obtain the knowledge which they impart. So, it was for us to try and partly pay this by helping others; our duty to show kindness to all. When we speak of self-made men we forget that we are in debt to previous generations and really can never be out of debt.

The Character Party given by the Colonial Orchestra, last Friday evening, was again not favored with very favorable weather and there was not as large a party as was expected, but it was a very pleasant gathering and the following report of those who dressed in costume and the characters they represented has been sent to us. If there are any omissions they are unintentional: Joseph Paine, clown; John Ridlon, darkey; Mrs. Edward Tyler, French maid; Miss Goldie Powell, Night; Miss Nellie Thayer, Blue Bells; Mrs. Rooney, Sir Hopkins; Mrs. Frank Buttrick, Folly; Miss Thelma Phillips, Evening Dress; Mrs. Osgood, Queen of Hearts; Mrs. James Phillips, Nurse; Mr. Thomas Whiting, Fisherman; Miss Sadie Campbell, Trilby; Mr. Walter Butterfield, Fireman; Mrs. Homer Butterfield, Evening Dress; Miss Abbie Fletcher, Evening Dress; Miss Inger Christiansen, French maid; Miss Pearl E. Wright, Folly. The music was excellent and Dion catered. Another of their weekly dances will occur this Friday evening at Village Hall.

Letters received by the home people from Mrs. Charles P. Nunn were gladly welcomed and were dated Dec. 17, Dunedin, New Zealand. They had two motor rides in the mountains. The summer is just beginning there. The wild rose hedges are in full bloom and also a beautiful golden shrub, called broom, just covers the hillsides and beaches, while in the sand are bunches of pale yellow lupin and here and there white ones, which grow from three to nine feet tall and are very fragrant. Mrs. Nunn enjoyed a visit to the Botanical Gardens and says the roses are nearly as big as her head. Blue and white salvia grow there. They were at Christ Church ten days and had a very pleasant time. Two Sundays were spent there. The longest days were at that time when they had

fifteen hours of sunshine. They feasted on fresh peas, asparagus and strawberries. She seemed to think that they would dread the trip through the Red Sea which will be a part of their route home, coming by way of Europe. In a previous letter, Mrs. Nunn speaks of going to Napier, New Zealand, and describes it as a beautiful spot in the ocean, their hotel being on a lovely esplanade and she says she never saw such grand surf dashing on the beach all day. Wellington, New Zealand, was also a finely situated place completely surrounded by big hills and right on the water's edge. They write that their health has been very good.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

—The "Shut-ins" met on Wednesday evening with Mrs. Wm. McLeellan.

—The Sunshine Club met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Geo. A. Stearns, of Belknap street.

—The Friday Social Club will meet February 15th with Mrs. Fred Bartlett, at 23 Wollaston avenue.

—We have heard that Mr. C. P. Mitchell is now gaining from his long illness with typhoid fever. He is still at the hospital, so we understand.

—Mr. W. O. Partridge, with his cousin, W. H. Partridge, of Boston, and Mr. Wm. P. Hadley, of Lowell street, spent the week-end on a fishing trip to Lake Winnebago.

—Mr. John F. Simonds, who had the misfortune to fall on the sidewalk in Boston several weeks ago, is now improving. He was able to walk out on the piazza of his daughter's house the first part of the week.

—Mrs. Alexander Livingstone has been a victim of the grip and bronchitis for two weeks. She was so far recovered as to be able to attend the "Ladies' Night," given by Hiram Lodge, in Foxon Hall, Tuesday evening.

—The K. P. G. Club met Monday evening with Miss Mary Simpson. All the members were present. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Tilden will entertain the club at its next meeting, Feb. 14th, which will be St. Valentine's Day.

—Principal Barnes was confined to his bed the latter part of last week and the first of this with an attack of bronchitis. Mr. Barnes having been reared in a more balmy climate, finds our New England winters, especially this one, a bit too strenuous.

—The young men who managed with such signal success the dance given in Crescent Hall, on the evening of Jan. 15, are arranging to give a second party on next week Saturday evening, February 5th. The party, we understand, will be limited to forty couples.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. B. C. Haskell does not seem to be gaining since his illness which has confined him to the house for nearly a month. He is at present ill in bed. Mrs. Haskell, who was somewhat indisposed at Christmas time, is slowly regaining strength.

—The Men's Class of the Arlington Heights Baptist church held a social on Tuesday evening, in the church. Owing to the weather, the attendance was smaller than had been expected, but those present passed a most enjoyable evening. A quartette from the Newton Theological Seminary gave much pleasure by their rendering of vocal selections as did also Rev. Mr. Barbour, who gave readings.

—There will be a special service, conducted by the missionary committee of the Baptist church on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. Mr. Theodore V. Witter, a student at Harvard Divinity school, will be present and address the meeting, also Miss Marjory E. Witter, a junior at Denison University, Ohio. There will be special music and all interested are cordially invited to be present. The service is in Crescent Hall.

—The "Moon-shine Party" was held on last Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Noyes, at their handsome residence on Paul Rogers road. The attractive arrangement of the rooms and their furnishings made a most agreeable setting for the prettily gowned ladies who, with gentlemen friends, passed a most agreeable evening at cards, there being sixteen tables used. The four handsome souveniers given for highest scores were taken by Mrs. W. O. Partridge, Mr. Winfield Perley, Miss Edith Kendall and Mr. W. E. Lloyd. The evening, which netted the Sunshine Club sixteen dollars, was in charge of Mrs. H. R. Sellers and Miss Kendall, both of whom were assisted very materially in making the affair a social as well as financial success, by the generosity of the host and hostess of the evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bert S. Currier returned on Thursday of last week from Bakersfield, Vermont, where they were called to the funeral of Mr. Currier's father, the Rev. Selden B. Currier, of Farjon Springs, Florida, whose death occurred at that place on January 13th, from the results of a fall. The deceased was for many years an active minister in the Methodist conference, and during his frequent visits to his son's home here at the Heights, he became well known in the Methodist church and was loved and respected. For the past twenty years Mr. Currier has made his home in Florida, where the balmy air has done much to prolong the life that had been somewhat impaired from a wound received during the civil war, the deceased having been a soldier in the 4th Vermont Regiment. The funeral was held on January 18th, at the Methodist church in Bakersfield, Vt. The deceased, who was seventy-four years of age, leaves a wife and two sons.

—The gentlemen friends of the Friday Social Club were in charge of the social and entertainment given on Tuesday evening, in Park Avenue church. The club has been unfortunate in the evenings on which these special events have taken place; in that on nearly every occasion there has been either a heavy rain or driving snow storm. Tuesday evening was a combination of both rain and snow, which made walking bad and detained many who were planning to be present. The company numbered about fifty, who passed a most enjoyable evening, the program having been arranged by a special committee composed of Messrs. William C. Drouet, Wm. E. Lloyd, Wm. E. Buntion and Norval Bacon. Miss Dolfro gave a brilliant piano selection; Miss Olive Doe was heard with pleasure in a violin solo; Mrs. Coolidge, who is always a favorite, gave a reading, and Miss Vina Buntion contributed a sweetly rendered vocal solo. All of these found favor with the audience, which was most appreciative. A short farce entitled "The New Teacher" had been worked up and promised to be the crowning feature of the programme. Its presentation was marred by the ab-

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sence of Mr. Walter Vaughn, who was cast for one of the principal parts. Mr. Drouet impersonated the female school teacher and looked so sweet for anything, so we have been told. He impersonated his part to perfection and was surely "it" with the ladies. Messrs. Bacon, Buntion and Clarence Parsons were the pupils and shared with Mr. Drouet in the applause which greeted their efforts. At the conclusion of the program, ice cream and cake were served.

—The United Helpers of the Baptist church had a beautiful evening on Wednesday, the date set for the "experience social," which was given in the church. The attendance was most gratifying and the affair netted the ladies something over forty dollars. Many expressed themselves as especially pleased with the improvements that are being made in the church. A fine entertainment was presented under the direction of Mrs. Helen Michaels. It included a piano duet by Misses Blanche and Alma Whipple; readings by Miss Helen Jardine; solo by Miss Mash of Wollaston; vocal duet by Miss Vivian Colpitt and Mr. Ernest Colpitt. A bright skit entitled "Susan's Finish," was given by the following young ladies: Misses Ethel and Pauline Hatfield, Viola Michaels, Katherine and Edna Richardson, Sarah Head, Marjory Scheib, Mrs. Williams, the president of the United Helpers, presided over the program and introduced the members, who gave their experiences in earning their mites for the benefit of the society. When they were all told, fifteen dollars was found to be the net earnings. The other source of revenue was a candy and apron table. The former was in charge of Mrs. Barbour and Mrs. J. W. Hovey, the latter, Mrs. W. C. Hannah and Mrs. Andrew Freeman. Cake and coffee were served at the close of the program.

—The Arlington Heights Study club held its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, January 25th, at the home of Mrs. B. S. Currier, on Claremont avenue. Mrs. Quinby presiding. There was a good number of members present to consider the theme of the afternoon, "Charlotte Bronte." The sum of \$25 having been previously voted by the club as a

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The Shuberts rubbed their And lamp and almost over night a new theatre has blossomed forth. Quietly but very surely, nevertheless, a handsome playhouse has sprung into existence on Tremont, opposite Hollis street, in Boston, and the date set for the opening was Monday evening, Jan. 24. The inaugural attraction has been one of no less magnitude than America's stellar artists, Sothern and Marlowe, who so short a time ago successfully opened the New Theatre in New York City, under the direction of Mr. Lee Shubert. When the electric sign was turned on it was found to spell the magic name of "Shubert," the title which has been decided upon in place of the Lyric, which was first announced, when the Shubert Holding Company took over the property from John C. E. Slayton, trustee for the Bond estate. The Shuberts wished to have this, their first theatre building project in Boston, stand as a fitting monument to their deceased brother, Sam S. Shubert, and their decision to name it the Shubert was the natural outcome of that worthy object.

A cheery, optimistic tone is characteristic of Lippincott's Magazine, and the February issue is no exception to the general rule. The number opens with a long and intensely powerful detective story by that versatile genius, Carolyn Wells. The new tale is entitled "The Gold Bag," and it is fully up to the standard of its predecessor by this author. "The Clue," which has been one of the most successful books of the season. "The Gold Bag" deals with a murder mystery. Another big feature is "Education Outside of Books," the second of an important series of six papers on "What is Wrong with Our Public Schools," by Joseph M. Rogers. The first of these articles, in the January issue, attracted wide attention, and they will undoubtedly accomplish great good. Among the short stories is "The Legacy," a delightful Scotch tale by J. J. Bell, author of "Wee Megreel." Marion Hill, who wrote that entertaining book, "The Pettison Twins," contributes "On Society's Fringe," a funny story about a very human small boy. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Kendrick Bangs, Chester Finkins, and Mahlon Leonard Fisher are among the poets represented in this praiseworthy issue of Lippincott's. Then there's "Walnuts and Wine," of course.

A well-known novelist who withholds his name, tells a most interesting and valuable story in the February McClure's of his experiences as a moderate drinker. Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, who recently told the readers of McClure's how psychology could be applied to commerce with beneficial results, tells how it could and should be utilized by young America in the choosing of a career. Xavier Paoli, "The Guardian of Kings," writes delightfully of the courtship of King Alfonso and Princess Ena; W. H. Riding contributes another chapter of his reminiscences of noted writers; L. S. Brownell tells of the gray work Canada is doing for her farmers and Perceval Gibbon describes Louis Brennan's latest experiments with his mono-rail car. There are stories by Alice Perrin, Helen Green, George Kibbe Turner, E. B. Watworth and Mabel Wood Mortie. The number also contains another installment of Arnold Bennett's amusing satire, "What the Public Wants."

That Suburban Life is a magazine for the whole country was never illustrated to better advantage than in the February number, just off the press. The range and variety of the articles, also, helps to make this number of particular value to people living in suburban towns and small communities. Interesting articles are: "The Suburban Home Where There Is No Maid," "Gasoline or Oats, Which?" "The Small Things Which Complete a Room."

Mrs. Burton Holmes will give "Italy" at Tremont Temple on Friday evening at 8.15, and again on Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

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Full particulars may be obtained of Henry A. Kiddle, Regent, F. B. Davis, Secretary, Frank B. Wadleigh, Collector, Fred A. Horter, Treasurer, or any officer or member. 31 July

ORIENTAL and DOMESTIC GOLD FISH

Self Sustaining Aquariums and their inmates for sale in the homes of

W. STUART ALLEN, 15 Court Street, and

WARREN E. FREEMAN, 28 Maple St., Arlington.

Visitors Welcome 13nov10

A Circumvented Lawyer

He Was Induced to Pay Full Price For What He Wanted.

By ELLA B. TUCKER.

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"Oh, dear," said Ella Kane impatiently. "I wish the postman would come! I'm worried."

"What about?" asked her mother.

"I'm afraid we're not going to get the loan."

There was a whistle far down the street. Ella picked up her ears. As it came nearer she grew more and more excited. When Mrs. Kane heard the postman at the next house she went to the door to open it before he should ring. The postman came up the steps and handed in a letter.

"It's from Archie, mother," and Ella snatched the letter before it reached her mother's hand from the postman. "Now we'll see what he has to say about the loan. But, of course, it'll be all right," and she dropped upon a window seat and opened the envelope with happy eyes.

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Kane. "Archie is like your own brother."

"N-no, not quite," demurred Ella. Then her face sank lower over the envelope, coloring furiously. Mrs. Kane looked at her sympathetically.

A few moments, then the color died suddenly and the happy eyes grew dark.

"Oh, mother!" she gasped. "Archie Mr. Booth, I mean—But read the letter."

"What is the matter, dear?" anxiously. "Has Archie?"

"Mr. Booth is a mercenary wretch!" vehemently. "But read the letter!"

Mrs. Kane unfolded the letter with trembling fingers. "Whatever it is, Ella," she ventured, "you mustn't judge Archie too hastily. He is a good boy, and you have known him a long time." Then she read: "Dear Ella—Can't let you have the money. It would be a mistake. And there's another thing. Be sure to demand papers to show every transaction you have with that tricky lawyer. I know his reputation and the value of proof with such a man. You write that you owe him \$3,000 and that unless it is paid within one month he will foreclose the mortgage on your home. I don't quite understand. You say you have only received \$1,200 and that he was to let you have the rest when you needed it to meet the note your father endorsed. If he hasn't paid it yet why should he foreclose on the full amount? There must be sharp practice somewhere. Will he do down just as soon as I can get away from here and fix the matter up?"

"I don't see anything in that to worry about," said Mrs. Kane perplexedly. "Archie is coming down and will make it all right. He's such a resourceful boy."

Ella threw out her hand wearily.

"Oh, it isn't that, mother," she said. "Mr. Booth will be down and make things all right, of course. He's intensely business, and he understands perfectly well that we were silly enough to take Lawyer Pill's word instead of his paper and so have lost the \$1,800. Mr. Booth will come all right, probably on the day of the sale, pay off the mortgage and then hand you the release, with a bow. He knows the place is good for the money."

"Ella!"

"Oh, I don't quite mean that, of course. Mr. Booth doesn't care so much for the money, but he's a man and must do things in a man's way, with himself as the central figure."

"What is it you want, Ella?" asked her mother, beginning to lose patience. "You're to marry Archie, and you've professed to love him more than all the world, and you concede he'll come and pay off this mortgage, and we both know he can't have saved up very much in just the two years he's been from college and his mining studies, even if he is an expert and getting famous. It seems to me he's acting nobly. What is the matter?"

"Why didn't he send me a check when I asked for it and offered security?" flashed Ella suddenly. "I know he has the money, for he'd just written about receiving \$3,000 as a fee for expert work in one of the big mines, and he knew that I desired nothing so much in the world just then as to pay that horrid Pill and order him to never set foot on our land or on our side of the road again. Ugh! When I went to him that day and asked for our money and he stared at me with his little cold eyes and said he had no money of ours and for me to produce a paper to prove my words!—Mother Archie ought not to have hesitated one minute. Strict business should be for business men, not for us. It isn't his paying the money. I wanted to do it myself, with my own hands, and then say a few words to Mr. Pill and after that lose sight of him forever. Heigho! After all, Archie—Mr. Booth is—only a man!"

Two days later as they were standing on the veranda Lawyer Pill himself surprised them by hurrying up the path. He seemed agitated.

"Good morning! Good morning!" he cried affably. "It's—it's a fine day, isn't it? I hope you are both well?"

"Yes," rather coldly, "we are very well, thank you."

"I am glad to hear it—sincerely glad. Good health is the greatest of all blessings. And now to business. I am sorry there has been a misunderstanding between us. It was owing to

a bit of memorandum unfortunately mislaid and forgotten and now found. It is all right about the money. You can have it at any time, and I have ordered a stay of proceedings in the other matter. There will be no further trouble."

"Explain yourself, please, Mr. Pill. I don't understand at all."

"Why, I am the quickest man in the world to rectify an error, and the mistake was mine. And now I am anxious to prove it in a substantial way. You still own that pasture lot?"

"The five acres of rocky land over on the back road—yes."

"Will you sell it now?"

A prompt yes was on Mrs. Kane's lips. Ella saw it and raised her hand warningly. Her father had once offered the lot for \$100, and at their last interview Mr. Pill had laughed derisively and refused to consider it at any price. There was evidently something in the background.

"What will you give for it?" she asked cautiously.

"Well, er—say \$1,000. The error was mine, and I wish to do something handsome to compensate you for the annoyance."

Apparently he had expected them to snap up his offer, but after the first incredulous stare Ella's face grew scornful. Even her mother looked suspicious.

"There is something behind this, Mr. Pill," said Ella coldly. "What is it? You are not throwing away money?"

The man seemed disappointed.

"There is nothing at all, I assure you, except that that—well, an old neighbor of yours was down yesterday afternoon and acted very mysteriously. He had some specimens which he showed to a few people in the postoffice, but slipped a bright pocket when he saw me coming. I suspect he was trying to raise capital."

"Well?"

"I made inquiries, of course, so early. That's business," his eyes shifting a little, and I've kept him under watch all the time. The specimens came from your old pasture. The chances are there's nothing in it, but I am always ready to invest money in low risks. Will you sell?"

"For a thousand, no."

"Two thousand?" eagerly.

"No."

At an imperative sign from Ella Mrs. Kane again shook her head.

"I don't believe the lot is worth one-tenth that money," she answered, "but I am not quite ready to sell yet, Mr. Pill."

Lawyer Pill shuffled his feet a few moments, then turned away.

"It's all I'll give," he said sourly, "and you are making the mistake of your lives."

The next morning before they had finished breakfast he was again at the door, visibly excited.

"That Archie Booth has been sending specimens away to an assay office," he began hurriedly. "Has he been here?"

"No."

"Well, he's up to some sharp practice, mark my words on that. If he'd meant fair he would have come straight to you and talked the thing over. I've had him watched all the time, and everything he's done has been sly and full of mystery. If it were any other man I wouldn't turn my head, but Archie Booth is an expert and don't dodge about like this for nothing. I'll take chances and give you \$10,000 for the lot."

They both gasped, then Ella shook her head.

"Twenty thousand?"

The gate clicked, and a boy ran up the path with a note. Lawyer Pill watched Ella anxiously while she read it.

"From Booth?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Make an offer?"

"No."

"Well, he will be here soon and try to wheedle you out of the land. I know these mysterious fellows. I prefer to be open and pay full value. I'll give you \$30,000 for the five acres."

Ella looked at her mother and nodded slightly.

"Yes, we will accept it," said Mrs. Kane, "but I warn you the place isn't worth a thousand."

"I'll risk that," with alacrity. "Now, let us step inside and fix up the papers at once, and I will make you out a check."

As he went buoyantly down the path a half hour later Mrs. Kane turned to Ella.

"What was that note?" she asked.

Ella opened it and read:

"Run Lawyer Pill up to twenty-five thousand or so, then sell. I don't think I'd better call now, for people around here—and especially Pill—don't know that I'm a friend of the family. I'll be down again in a few days and make a long visit. There is a ledge of pretty good building granite on the land, and if Pill will wait a little for a demand and will put some money in to develop it and manage the thing shrewdly, as he knows how, I think perhaps he can get his money back. Anyhow, I understand he got a lot of money out of your father a long time ago by sharp practice, and this will sort of square things up."

"The dear boy!" murmured Ella as she refolded the note and slipped it into her dress.

When Archie came he received quite a different reception from that which he would have received after the receipt of his first letter. He was delighted with the success his friends had had in getting rid of property that turned out in the end to be of very little value. Ella confessed with contrition that she had thought very hard of him that he had failed to comply with her request and acknowledged that she had done him a great injustice. She repaid him for what he had done for her mother and her by setting a day for the wedding.

POSTED HERSELF.

And Then Told the Author About His Book of Travel.

Prince de Talleyrand one day, when rising from lunch, said to his wife, a very ignorant lady: "You will have at your side at dinner tonight a very remarkable man. He has written his travels. For heaven's sake, do talk to him sensibly. As you pass through the library ask for the book and glance it through and bring the conversation to this subject. Do not forget to ask for M. Debon's work."

The princess obeyed, but the thought of the torrent of sarcasm which would follow an unsuccessful issue of her lord's commands made her forget the name of the author. "Give me," said the princess, addressing the librarian, "the adventures of this traveler. Listen, now, a name which ends in 'on'."

"I know," said the librarian, smiling, and he handed her "Robinson Crusoe."

Mme. de Talleyrand read the book and was enchanted with the story, and more so with the thought that she was to dine with the author. At night she found herself next to M. Debon at table. She was not long in turning the conversation into the line directed by the prince, so she said to her neighbor: "Your travels have interested me deeply, monsieur. What joy you must have experienced in your lonely island when you found 'Friday'!" From "L'Esprit de Talleyrand."

HELD HIS JOB.

The Boy Was Willing to Be a Friend to Senator Hanna.

When Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland some years ago on the lookout for new ideas or anything which would aid the progress of business he overheard a little red-headed boy say:

"Wish I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

The senator returned to his office and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office timidly, just a bit conscience-stricken, wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the boy twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixed on him by the man at the desk he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder.

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted. What would you do?"

"Why," stammered the boy, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. Today he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job.—Joe Mitchell Chapelle in National Magazine.

Canine Etiquette.

In their relations with one another dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. A well known traveler makes this unexpected remark about a tribe of naked black men living on one of the south sea islands: "In their everyday intercourse there is much that is stiff formal and precise." Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person and live in the same house and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.—Henry C. Merwin in Atlantic.

When Lives Were Cheap.

In the prison of Luxembourg one of Fouquier-Tinville's agents could make up only seventeen convicts out of the list of eighteen which had been given him. "I want one more," he said. He asked the first suspect who passed by his name and on hearing it said: "Yes, it is you." He had him carried off, and the next day he was guillotined.

On another occasion a warder called out the name of an aged prisoner. A lad who was playing ball in the gallery mistook the name for his own and asked if he was wanted. "Yes," was the answer; "come along," and the next day the boy was guillotined instead of the man.

At Bordeaux a boy of sixteen named Mellet was guillotined instead of an old man of eighty named Bellay. On objecting he was told that he was eighty years old in wickedness.

Not Guilty.

It was 4 a. m. and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins. "It's the stairs."—Judge.

Short Stories.

She—Short stories seem quite the thing just now. He—I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is.—Boston Transcript.

The Chatterbox.

"Miss Chatter is a sort of talking machine, isn't she?"

"No, not a perfect machine. She lacks the 'exhaust.'"—Baltimore American.

A good man does good merely by living.—Bulwer.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Dialogue That Took Place After the Dance Ended.

A well known and popular Los Angeles physician upon the occasion of a recent visit to a professional friend at Fresno (the physician in charge of the state institution for the deaf and dumb) was invited to attend one of the periodical "hops" given the inmates. All the unfortunates and a goodly sprinkling of guests were present.

Before the function had progressed very far the Fresno physician approached his Los Angeles medical friend with, "Get busy, doctor." The doctor got busy. Although tipping the scales at 210, he is an easy and graceful dancer and much enjoys the exercise. Approaching a young lady of singular sweetness and beauty, he heated his desire to dance with her. She proved to be as witching with her feet as with her eyes, and our Los Angeles friend, in contempt of all convention, danced two or three numbers with her.

At the close of the last one a gentleman approached his charming partner and asked for the next dance. "I should be delighted to favor you, my friend," said she in a voice no less sweet than her face, "but I've promised to dance the next number with this dumpy here."

Each had taken the other for an inmate!—Los Angeles Times.

ANCIENT LONDON.

When Danger and Lanterns Were Abroad After Dark.

Less than 200 years ago the watchmen of London town, carrying their lanterns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked up and down the cobble streets of the world's largest city chanting the following verses:

A light there stands, Has out a light, And ere you know he's clear and bright, That honest man that walks along, May see to his safe way home.

It is beyond our comprehension and imagination in these days of lighting by lamps and brilliantly lighted streets to picture the streets of London in the lowliest age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It was an age of darkness, of dangers and hardships, when every one made his will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night.

It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob, and it is recorded that when night was come a man durst venture to walk in the streets.—Springfield Union.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast" Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day during a long ride on horseback we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw by the light of the moon a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror-struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile. Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow scribe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

And They Didn't Exercise.

William M. Everts, who lived until he was nearly ninety, said he kept his health by never taking exercise. The celebrated Dr. William George Mead, who lived to the surprising age of 142 years, spent nearly all of his time in the open air and played a little golf. Dr. Mead used to drink two or three quarts of water every day, and perhaps there is a suggestion in that. Old Du Bois, who lived in Canada for the better part of 119 years on the north shore of Lake Erie, never worked and never took exercise. He spent seventy-five years of his life fishing with hook and line and ate nothing but baked apples and milk and brown bread and unsalted butter. Perhaps you can live that long if you do nothing but fish and eat what old Du Bois did. But take notice that these long lives never exercised.—New York Telegraph.

He Didn't Know It.

"What are you doing here?"

"Waitin' on prosperity."

"Why, prosperity passed this way two months ago?"

"You don't say! That accounts for the twitchin' in my flint. I had a idee that somethin' or other had run over me."—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Enterprising.

Salesman lately promoted to curle department—This necktie, madam, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them.—London Punch.

Painfully Particular.

"She's a delicate eater, isn't she?"

"Very. She even insists upon having the eggs from one hen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Troubles must come to all men, but those who are always looking for them will have the largest share.

THE MICROSCOPE.

It Has Its Prototype In Every Spherical Drop of Water.

Nature offers a free microscope whenever one is wanted. She has been dealing in free optical instruments and optical phenomena ever since the first dewdrop formed or the first raindrop fell earthward. Every dewdrop and raindrop and spherical water drop has all the powers and principles of a microscope. To get one of nature's microscopes in operation take up a drop of water between the two points of two sharpened sticks, say matches, and hold the drop over the minute object to be examined. The result will be that the object will be magnified about three diameters. The supposed invention of the microscope was nothing more than shaping a piece of glass into an imitation of a water drop so as to be easily handled.

Spiders have made suspension bridges for ages. The rough edge of sword grass gave the inventor the idea of the reaper blade for the harvester. The buzzard has been using the aeroplane for flying a good many centuries. By tapping on an end of a long beam the man at the farther end can hear you telegraphing the sound traveling through the timber. Fishes have been using bladders of wind for balloons, lifting them in water for countless years. Water has been a camera ever since the world had sunshine.

Help yourself to nature's store of all things man needs, but never say anything about the invention. Nature intended; you can only arrange and combine facts.—St. Louis Republic.

EARLY BALLOONING.

Some Odd Ideas That Prevailed In The Eighteenth Century.

As far back as 1844 the American public were led to believe that the Atlantic had been crossed in a balloon. On May 28 in that year the New York Sun published a detailed account of an aerial voyage from Liverpool to Charleston, which purported to have been accomplished by "the steering ball on Victory" in a period of seventy-five hours from land to land. Five columns were devoted to the description of the journey and to a scientific account of the balloon, of which a woodcut was given, and an air of verisimilitude was added by a list of eight passengers, one of the names mentioned being that of Harrison Almsworth, who was then at the height of his fame.

At the end of the eighteenth century balloons were all the rage. Then, as now, enthusiasts predicted a time near at hand when war would either be an awful matter of the annihilation of armies and forts by bombs from above or would cease altogether through the abolition of frontiers and the fusion of nations. Prophecy went even further.

Canals and roads were to vanish and the space occupied by them to be restored to agriculture. And ships (if any still existed when caught in a storm would be grappled by the mast from balloons above and safely conveyed into port or even carried over mountain ranges.—Chicago News.

London's Police Press.

An article in the Illustrated English Magazine gives an account of the printing department of Scotland Yard and the astonishing amount of work it turns out. Four times a day a broad side is issued to all the police officers. At 9 in the morning the first is sent out, giving an inventory of all property lost. At noon is issued a list of all persons missing, and this often occupies several pages. At half past 6 the broadside contains both subjects, and also at half past 10. A habitual criminal register is distributed and every few days an account of persons released on tickets of leave. A sheet of missing articles is sent to every pawnbroker, and as many as 4,000 copies of this document are needed. This is only a small part of the work done by the Scotland Yard press.

When You Can't Sleep.

There is an odd theory, which many people believe and which is certainly harmless, that sleeplessness may often be cured in the following odd way: Move your bed out into the room so that no part of bed or covers will touch the wall. Then place under each corner of the bed a piece of rubber or a rubber overshoe or set the caster in a thick glass dish. Then go to bed, making sure the covers do not touch the wall. Thus the bed and yourself will be cut off from all electric contact with floor or wall. Such absence of electric contact, it is claimed, will make you sleep better. It is said to have cured stubborn cases of insomnia.

How to Open a New Book.

The best way to open a new book without risk of injuring it is to place it on its back upon a smooth or covered table, let down the fore and then the hind board, hold the leaves in one hand and open a few of the fore and afterward the end leaves until you reach the center of the volume. Do this several times and you will not break the back of the book.

Made It Very Clear.

"How do you suppose she manages to keep up appearances on her husband's income?"

"What is her husband's income?"

"I don't know; but, of course, it can't be as big as it would have to be if they could afford to live as they do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The New England Spirit.

One thing we New Englanders like about us is our all around superiority to the people of the rest of this great and glorious country.—Springfield Union.

VERBAL MISHAPS.

Dickens Once Made Two Bad Breaks the Same Evening.

Charles Dickens once wrote to a friend: "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady, unknown, down to dinner and talked to her about the bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. Later I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, thinking him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and the Marylebone representation."

Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three inside passengers of a London bound coach who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciation was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife.

Much to his dismay the solitary woman passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked:

"Pardon me, sir. A kinder husband and father never breathed. And I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's wife."

Mr. Giles of Virginia and Judge Duval of Maryland, members of congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibson, whose daughters were well on in years and remarkable for talkativeness.

When Jefferson became president Duval was comptroller of the treasury and Giles a senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the senator asked the 'comptroller' if he knew what had become of "that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibson."

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the unexpected reply.

Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. Happening to observe to a fellow guest that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill looking.

"I have made a mistake," said the horrified Tuberville. "I meant the lady who sat on my left."

"Well, sir, she is my sister."

This brought the frank avowal, "It can't be helped, sir, then, for if what you say be true I confess I never saw such an ugly family in the course of my life."—Youth's Companion.

A SMALL WORD.

It Has Only Two Letters, Yet It Is Not Easy to Define.

To define one word in the English language one modern dictionary takes eighteen columns of small type. And this solitary word upon which the dictionary bestows such a wealth of elucidation is one that hardly anybody except a dictionary maker can define at all. The ordinary educated, English speaking person's knowledge of it could be expressed in about half a single line.

This fecund word is "of." If you were asked to define it—unless you are a dictionary maker or of an allied trade—probably you would have to reply: "Of? Why, of just means of." You might add defensively, "I always comprehend perfectly what it means when I see or hear it and can use it correctly in speech, so what do I want to define it for anyway?"

But if you were a child your actual mastery of "of" would stand you in no stead whatever. You would be set to digging out and memorizing the things the dictionary had to say about it, or the driest and least informing of them, as, for instance, that in some cases it is such a kind of preposition and in other cases some other kind and that prepositions have such and such properties when they don't have some other, every bit of which you would absolutely and mercifully forget at the first possible moment. Look over a child's grammar or "language" lesson, with its ghastly array of useless bones.—Saturday Evening Post.

Persian Prayer Rugs.

About 200 years ago small embroidered rugs were largely made in Persia, chiefly at Ispahan. These were prayer rugs, and on each of them near one end was a small embroidered mark to show where the bit of sacred earth from Mecca was to be placed. In obedience to a law of the Koran, that the head must be bowed to the ground in prayer, this was touched by the forehead when the prostration was made, and so the letter of the law was carried out. The custom still prevails. The Persian women who weave the finest prayer rugs seldom weave any other kind of rug.

What He Wished to Know.

"Here's an article in this magazine entitled 'How to Meet Trouble,'" said Mrs. Wedderly. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No—thank you," replied his wife's husband. "How to dodge trouble is the brand of information I'm looking for."—Chicago News.

No Consolation.

First Golfer (who is beating the curate all hollow)—Never mind, Sanders. You wait till you are saying the burial service over my grave, Sanders.—But, my good man, even then it will be your hole!—London Opinion.

Domestic Bliss.

"Does your husband ever speak harshly to you?"

"No. Thank heaven, my husband and I are not on speaking terms."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By CARL SCHOFIELD, Special Correspondent.

Slowly, but surely, the city of Washington is being transformed into a magnificent metropolis. The city is growing in population, in wealth, in culture, and in every other way that makes a city a city. The city is becoming a city of the future, a city of the world.

Transferring Washington. Private sources here say that the city is being transformed into a magnificent metropolis. The city is growing in population, in wealth, in culture, and in every other way that makes a city a city. The city is becoming a city of the future, a city of the world.

Statue to Senator Clegg. Marking the "landmark" of the city, the statue of Senator Clegg is being erected in the city hall. The statue is a masterpiece of art, and it is a fitting tribute to a great man.

Statue Made by T. B. The statue of Senator Clegg is being made by T. B. The statue is a masterpiece of art, and it is a fitting tribute to a great man.

Potomac Fisheries. Although the fisherman operating in the Potomac river has been met with but poor success, the fisherman is still hopeful of better results.

Clings to Old Ways. Representative Grant of North Carolina, who is said to have been in the city, is still clinging to old ways.

Side Light on Gattuso. Representative Gattuso of Pennsylvania is being thrown an interesting side light upon the way he is doing.

Now They Don't Speak. Belle—How silly men act when they propose! Why, my husband acted like a perfect fool. Neilsen—That's what everybody thought when your engagement was announced.—Cleveland Leader.

AFTER THE COLLISION.

Effects Upon the Nerves of Wrecks Upon the Rails.

A wreck sometimes upsets even the most iron nerve. Once the wreck master on his arrival noticed a bare-headed man in overalls, covered with coal dust and blood, sitting beside his engine with tears running down his face. He recognized him as the engineer, who had been hauled out a few minutes before from under the mass of twisted, battered steel that had once been a locomotive. Singularly enough, beyond a few cuts and bruises he was unhurt. He was crying because he could not find his cap that he had lost just that day and he begged the wreck master to help him find it.

A professional conductor of a train that was derailed and had plunged down an embankment crashed out of the engine and rendered unconscious. He was lying on the ground, his head under the wheels, and he was crying because he could not find his cap that he had lost just that day and he begged the wreck master to help him find it.

When the wreck master with you asked the wreck master.

MADE SURE OF IT.

The Gift Was Delayed, but the Groom Got the Bird.

A wealthy party of the city in New York told an amusing story of a fortunate groom and a turkey.

"I had once promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey. On December 1 I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend."

"Meeting him in the park one morning and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom by way of a joke:

"Well, Jenkins, how did you like that turkey I sent you?"

"It was a very fine bird, sir," said the groom. "I came very near losing it, though."

"How so?" said I, astonished.

"Well, sir," said Jenkins, "Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right off to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending the bird up. The manager apologized, sir, very politely, and he took me into a back room, where there were ten or fifteen turkeys hanging, and he said the labels had been lost off them and I'd just better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir."—Washington Star.

Commis. The French do not as a rule, employ inverted commas to indicate a dialogue, but they employ the dash to indicate a change of speakers, which is just as bad. Certainly many punctuation marks are sadly misused or overused. Dickens found necessary commas all over his pages, whose whole battalions of them Walter Pater also employed them with extraordinary productivity, frequently before the word "and" where the conjunction rendered them superfluous. Pater was a so overfond of the mark of exclamation, so that when he dropped a "Y" into his measured style it must needs appear as "Yes." But, though the Bible does without inverted commas, there is real art in its punctuation. How admirably it marks the cadence and helps the drama in that great story of the prodigal son!—London Chronicle.

Culpeper's Remedies. Old time physicians prescribed even more unsavory remedies than rancid butter, which was Emperor Menelik's cure for malarial fever. In "Culpeper's Herbal," published originally in 1656 and reprinted as recently as 1820 are such prescriptions as "oil wherein frogs have been sodden till all the flesh is off from their bones," "horse leeches burned into powder" and "black soap and beaten ginger." Some of Culpeper's remedies are of a more practical nature. "If rheum could be quenched in wine," he says, "and the wine drunk it cheers the vitals and cures the plague. Outwardly used it takes away spots and leprosy."

Making It Pleasant For Her. Mrs. Goodsole removing her wraps—"I've owed you a call for a long time you know. I hate to be in debt, and I just felt that I couldn't rest easy until I had discharged my obligations by coming to see you. Mrs. Slighting—Why, my dear Mrs. Goodsole, you shouldn't have felt that way at all."—Chicago Tribune.

Paid Him Back. The Mean Thing—You're so conceited, Connie, that I believe when you get into heaven the first question you'll ask will be, "Are my wings on straight?" Connie—Yes, dear, and I shall be sorry that you won't be there to tell me.—Illustrated Bits.

Now They Don't Speak. Belle—How silly men act when they propose! Why, my husband acted like a perfect fool. Neilsen—That's what everybody thought when your engagement was announced.—Cleveland Leader.

A MARK TWAIN STORY

Showing What May Be Achieved by Nerve and Reiteration.

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.

Going to Prove That Repetition Will Work Wonders if a Man Has Only the Necessary Amount of Cheek to Stand Up and Keep on Talking.

Mark Twain once told a reporter that if a man says the same thing often enough people will begin to listen to him.

"Now," said the great humorist, "there was that story about Hank Monk. That was the oldest, sturdiest, dearest old fellow I ever knew that any man ever heard of. It had been circulated around Nevada and California until there wasn't a man left who would even listen to it. I had heard it so many times that I knew it by heart. It told how Hank Monk got Horace Greeley over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville."

"I was about to deliver my second lecture at Platt's hall in San Francisco—the second one I had ever delivered. It occurred to me that I might begin that lecture with the worst story I had ever heard of, and by telling it often enough start the lecture with a big laugh. I took that story and repeated it so that it would not vary in the telling, and I made it as plain as day and just as dull and just as dry as I could."

"When it came time for me to talk I stood up and with a few introductory remarks began that story. If I remember it well, something like this:

"Horace Greeley once went over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The stage bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off Horace's coat and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled to Hank Monk and begged him to go easier, said he wasn't in as much of a hurry as he had been awhile ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time.' And he did, too—what was left of him."

"Now, that was all there was to the story. It was bad enough to begin with, but I made it worse in the telling. I dropped it out in a flat, monotonous tone, without a gesture to mar its depressing effect. The people received it in dead silence. I had insulted every man in the audience. I had 'traveled' them with a story that was not only stale and pointless, but one which they had heard at least a thousand times. I waited a few seconds for the laughter, and then I began to hem and haw and shift my feet. I tried to appear just as embarrassed as I could, and after floundering about helplessly for a few sentences I cheered up a little and said that I would tell a funny anecdote which might be new to them. It began:

"Horace Greeley went over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville."

"I told it in exactly the same miserable, pointless way that I had told it before, and when I got through I waited a longer time for the applause, but there wasn't any. I could see that several men in the house were growing quite indignant. They had paid money to hear a humorous lecture. I took a long breath and plunked in a third time, more embarrassed and flustered and worried than ever, and by and by I worked around again to the time when Horace Greeley went over Glenbrook grade to Placerville."

"This time some of the smarter ones began to laugh, and this encouraged me so much that I thanked them and started right in to tell the story over again, never varying the delivery so much as a pause to take breath. The fourth time fetched 'em, and at the end of the story they stood up and whooped and yelled and cheered for some time."

"You see, I thought that if a man had sand enough to stand up before an audience and tell the oldest, stalest and most uninteresting story in the world he could make people laugh if he had the nerve to tell the story often enough. The rest of my lecture went very well. They were willing to laugh at my anecdotes the first time I told them. Maybe they were afraid I would tell them a second time."

"I felt so sure that I had discovered a new phase in human character that I tried the same thing in New York years afterward. There was an author's reading bee one afternoon, and most of the authors read selections from their works. I sat on the platform beside James Russell Lowell. He asked me what I was going to read. I said that I wasn't going to read anything. I intended to tell an anecdote."

"Is it a funny one?" he asked.

"I said it would be if I lasted long enough."

"I started out without any preamble, and I told the Hank Monk anecdote. There was an awful silence at the end. I took a drink of water, mopped my forehead and told the story again. Same effect. Young man, I told that story five times before I handed 'em. When I sat down at last Mr. Lowell whispered to me:

"You have cost me dear. I have been sitting here and wasting sympathy on you."

"That's the point, young man. Repetition will do anything if a man has the sand to stand up and keep on talking."—New York American.

Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

- 13 Corner Henderson and Sawin Streets
- 14 Corner Mass. Avenue and Teal Street
- 15 Corner Mass. Avenue and Lake Street
- 16 Corner Mass. Avenue opp. Tufts Street
- 17 Lake Street, opposite D. Wyman's house
- 18 North Union Street, opposite Fremont
- 19 Town Hall (Police Station)
- 20 Junction Broadway and Warren Street
- 21 Beacon Street, near Warren
- 22 Huse 3 House, Broadway
- 23 Corner Medford Street and Lewis Avenue
- 24 Corner Mystic and Summer Streets
- 25 Mystic Street, near Fairview Avenue
- 26 Kennington Park
- 27 Pleasant Street, near Lake Street
- 28 Pleasant Street opp. Gray
- 29 Pleasant Street bet. Audubon and Wellington
- 30 Town Hall
- 31 Russell Street, corner Russell Terrace
- 32 Academy Street near Maple
- 33 Mass. Avenue near Mill Street
- 34 Mass. Avenue near Irving
- 35 Mass. Avenue, near Schooler Court
- 36 Corner Summer and Grove Streets
- 37 Huse 2 House, Massachusetts Avenue
- 38 Huse 2 House, near R. K. Station
- 39 Massachusetts Avenue opp. Forest Street
- 40 Westminister Avenue cor. Westminister Ave
- 41 Cor. Park Avenue and Lowell St.
- 42 Elevated R. R. Car House
- 43 Corner Florence and Hillside Avenues
- 44 Huse No. 1 House, Park Ave.
- 45 Appleton Street near Oakland Avenue
- 46 Massachusetts Avenue near Hubbard Street
- 47 Forest Street, north of R. R. tracks

Call 'Em UP.

For the convenience of our readers we give below a list of our local advertisers who are connected by telephone. The telephone is becoming an absolute necessity for business men who wish to accommodate their customers, and at the same time secure orders by making it easy to communicate with them.

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| Arlington Police Station, | 207-2 |
| Arlington Town Hall, | 207-3 |
| Board of Selectmen, | 207-4 |
| Assessors' Office, | 207-5 |
| Town Engineer & Water Registrar, | 207-6 |
| Town Treasurer and Auditor, | 207-7 |
| Collector, | 207-8 |
| Arlington Ins. Co., 506-1 | 308-5 |
| Geo. W. Wiggins & Son, | 412-3 |
| Arlington Gas Light Company, | 308-5 |
| Nelson, Arthur L., mas., | 59-4 |
| J. F. Berton, painter and decorator, | 12-2 |
| First National Bank of Arlington, | 368-7 |
| Fletcher, express, | 542-2 |
| Eros Incandescent Company, Arlington, | 806-3 |
| Gannett, C. H., civil engineer, | 380-3 |
| Gott, Charles, carriage, | 38-2 |
| Dr. Arthur Tale Greene, | Lexington 55-2 |
| C. W. Grossmith, | 172-2 |
| Also, public telephone, | 2187-1 |
| Holt, James O., grocer, | 206-2 |
| " " provision dealer, | 442-2 |
| Hardy, N. J., estimator, | 112-2 |
| Hartwell, J. V. & Son, undertakers, | 197-3 |
| Hatfield, J. N., Carpenter, | Arlington 35-3 |
| Hilliard, R. W., insurance, | Main 737-2 |
| Keeley-Institute, | Lexington, 38-4 |
| Kent, Geo. W., carpenter, | Arlington, 16-4 |
| Locke, Frank A., piano tuner, Winthrop, | 517-2 |
| Lexington Lumber Co., | 16-2 |
| Lexington Town Hall, | 6-4 |
| Lyman Lawrence, hardware, | Lexington, 6-4 |
| Marshall, A. A., | 535 |
| Marshall, C. F., Old Upham Market, | 29-3 |
| Marshall, O. B., | 228-2 |
| Myers & Franks, Jewelers, Haymarket, | 394 |
| Muller, Wm., insurance, | Main 394 |
| Nourse, A. L., Manicure, | 14-3 |
| Osgood, Dr. H. B., dentist, Lexington, | 26-5 |
| Pelree & Winn Co., coal, | 141 |
| Parker, C. S. & Son, printers, | 149-3 |
| Pence, W. A., provisions, | 36-3 |
| Reardon, E., florist, | Lexington, 17-2 |
| Russell House, | 114 |
| Schattuck, R. W. & Co., | Lexington, 26-5 |
| Spaulding, Geo. W., | 1806-1 |
| Taylor & Co., Furnish, Boston, Oxford, | 308-4 |
| Wellington, Frank Y., notary public, | 414-3 |
| Wetherbee, Bros., | 431-2 |
| Wood, Bros., Expressmen, | 145 |
| Yerxa & Yerxa, grocers, | 64-2 |
| Hose 1, | 64-2 |
| Hose 2, | 64-2 |
| Hose 3, | 64-2 |
| Chemical A., | 64-2 |

If any of our advertisers have been inadvertently omitted from above list, and will ring us up, we shall be pleased to add their names to our next issue.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

- | LOCATION OF BOXES. | NUMBER. |
|--|---------|
| Centre Engine House. | 1 |
| Mass. Ave., near Town Hall. | 2 |
| Clark and Forest Sts. | 3 |
| Cor. Grant and Sherman Sts. | 4 |
| " " Mass. Ave. and Woburn St. | 5 |
| " " Woburn and Vine Sts. | 6 |
| " " Woburn and Lowell Sts. | 7 |
| Lowell St., near Arlington line. | 8 |
| Cor. Bloomfield and Eustis Sts. | 9 |
| Mass. Ave., near Percy Road. | 10 |
| Warren St., opp. Mrs. W. R. Munroe's. | 11 |
| East Lexington Engine House. | 12 |
| Cor. Mass. Ave. and Pleasant St. | 13 |
| " " Pleasant and Watertown Sts. | 14 |
| Mass. Ave., opp. East Lexington Depot. | 15 |
| Cor. Mass. Ave. and Sylvia St. | 16 |
| Bedford St., opp. John Hinchey's. | 17 |
| Cor. Ash and Reed Sts. | 18 |
| Bedford Street, No. Lexington Depot. | 19 |
| Bedford Street, opp. Morton Reed's. | 20 |
| Cor. Mass. Ave. and Elm Avenue. | 21 |
| " " Mass. Ave. and Parker St. | 22 |
| " " Mass. Ave. and Cedar St. | 23 |
| " " Lincoln and School Sts. | 24 |
| Hancock St., near Hancock Ave. | 25 |
| Cor. Hancock and Adams Sts. | 26 |
| " " Adams and East St. | 27 |
| " " Burlington and Grove Sts. | 28 |
| Waltham St., opp. C. H. Wiswell's. | 29 |
| Cor. Waltham and Middle Sts. | 30 |
| Waltham St. and Concord Ave. | 31 |
| Oakland St., opp. N. H. Merriam's. | 32 |
| Chandler St., opp. J. P. Prince's. | 33 |

PRIVATE BOXES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| 37 Morris Estate, Lowell St. | 387 |
| Electric Car Station, No. Lexington | 388 |
| No School Signal | |
- Post Office, Lexington, Mass.
Office Open from 6:45 a. m. to 8 p. m.
- | INCOMING MAILS. | OUTGOING MAILS. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 8:00 a. m. | 7 a. m., Northern |
| 11:30 a. m., Northern | 7:30 a. m. |
| 12:15 m. | 10:30 a. m., N'th'n |
| 2:40 p. m. | 12:30 p. m. |
| 4:40 p. m. | 3:30 p. m. |
| 6:30 p. m., Northern | 5:45 p. m., N'th'n |
| 7:10 p. m. | 7:30 p. m. |
- SUNDAY 4 p. m.
Office open Sunday 2 to 3 p. m.
- Lectures addressed for delivery to a patron on the Rural Route must be prepaid by postage stamps at first class rate.
- LEONARD A. SAVILLE, P. M.

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, Etc.

- ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.**
Warren A. Peirce, pres.; Chas. H. Stevens, sec.; O. W. Whittemore, treasurer. Meets in bank rooms of First National Bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7:30 p. m. Money offered at auction 8 to 9 o'clock.
- ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.**
Bank Building, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. William C. Peck, president; F. Blaisdell, sec. and treas. Open daily from 10:55 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.
- ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.**
Meets first Monday in each month at Club House on margin of Spy Pond. Admission fee \$10; annual dues, \$15.
- ARLINGTON FLANCE CLUB.**
Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month. A. O. H., DIV. 23.
Meets in Hibernian Hall, corner Mystic and Westminister streets, first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:10 p. m.
- A. O. U. W. CIRCLE LODGE NO. 7.**
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Crescent Hall, A. H., at 8 p. m.
- JAMES RAY COLE LODGE, NO. 100.**
Knights of Pythias. Meets first and third Tuesdays in L. O. O. F. Hall.
- FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**
E. Nelson Blake, president; John A. Eason, cashier. Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. Open daily from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.; on Wednesdays and Saturdays evenings from 7 to 8:30.
- FIRE DEPARTMENT.**
Hose No. 1, on Park Avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts Avenue; Hose No. 3, on Broadway. Hose No. 4, on Massachusetts Avenue.
- F. A. M. H. D. M. LODGE.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Medford Street, Thursday on or before the full moon.
- FORESTERS OF AMERICA.**
Court Forest, of Arlington. Meets in Adelphi Hall, 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock.
- L. O. O. F. BETHEL LODGE, NO. 12.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank Building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.
- IDA F. BUTLER KEFEKAH LODGE NO. 152.**
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel Lodge Room.
- MEMOTORY R. A. CHAPTER.**
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall.
- KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, NO. 109.**
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. Hall, over Shattuck's store.
- ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.**
Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10:45 a. m. to 1:45 p. m.; 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m.; book room, 10 to 6 p. m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.; book room, 1 to 2 p. m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.
- ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH.**
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6:30 p. m.; Thursdays, 2 to 6:30 p. m.
- ROYAL ARCANUM.**
Memotory Council No. 1781. Meets first and third Fridays of each month in G. A. R. Hall, 370 Mass. Ave., at 8 p. m.
- TOWN OFFICERS.**
Selectmen meet at their office in Town Hall on the 2d and 4th Mondays with the Joint Board. On the 2d week they meet on Saturday evening.
- Board of Public Works, each Monday evening at 7:30.**
Joint Board, 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30.
- Town Clerk and Treasurer, office hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 5 p. m.**
Collector, office hours, Mondays, 7 to 9 p. m.; Saturdays, 9 a. m. to 12 m., only.
- Board of Health, first Friday of each month at 7:30 p. m.**
Engineers Fire Department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.
- School Committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.**
Trustees of Cemetery, on call of chairman.
- Board of Assessors, every Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.**
- WOMEN'S C. T. UNION.**
Meets in Chapel of First Baptist Church, first and third Tuesdays of each month.
- UNITED ORDER I. O. L.**
Golden Rule Lodge No. 51. Meets M. G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month.
- BAY STATE I. O. L. NO. 418.**
Meets in Grand Army Hall, second and fourth Monday in each month.
- U. O. G. C.**
Paul Revere Commandery No. 831 meets 1st and 3d Monday of each month, at 8 p. m., in Knights of Columbus Hall.

Churches and church services.

- FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH.**
(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. Rev. Frederic G. H. Munster, 29 Academy St. Sunday morning service at 10:45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Evening service on the second Sunday of each month, from November to March, inclusive, at seven o'clock.
- ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.**
Opposite Bartlett Avenue, Massachusetts Avenue. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m.
- ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.**
Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, par. w.; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, 7 to 7:45, social service in vestry.
- FIRST UNIVERSALIST.**
Massachusetts Avenue, opposite Academy Street. Sunday services in the morning at 10:45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 7:00 p. m.
- ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.**
Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. Joseph P. Lawless, Rev. George F. Quigley, assistants. Parsonage, 24 Medford Street, near to church. Mass at 7, 8:30, 9:30 High Mass at 10:30; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Vespers at 3:30 p. m.
- ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.**
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m.; other services according to church calendar.
- PARK AVENUE CHURCH.**
(Orth. Congregational.)
Cor. Park and Wollaston avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10:45; Sunday school at 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:30 p. m.; Sunday after noon at 3:30, Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening 7-7:45, prayer meeting.
- BAPTIST CHURCH, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.**
Cor. Park and Westminister Avenues. Rev. H. M. Barbour, minister. Sunday services: Morning worship, 10:45 a. m.; Bible school at noon; Junior C. E., 4 p. m.; Seniors C. E., 6 p. m.; evening worship, 7 p. m. Prayers and testimonial service Friday evening at 7:45. A hearty welcome extended to all without a church home to worship with us. Swedish Service by Rev. C. E. Johnson. First Sabbath in every month 3:30 p. m.
- FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL.**
Corner of Lowell Street and Westminister Avenue, Arlington Heights. Preaching, Sunday, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 noon; praise and prayer service, 6:15 p. m.; preaching, 7 p. m. Rev. F. B. Taylor, Minister.
- FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, LEXINGTON.**
Pastor, Rev. Samuel A. Knowles. Residence, Massachusetts Avenue. Preaching, 10:30 a. m.; evening service at 8 o'clock.
- TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH.**
Mass. Ave., Arlington, near Teal St. Rev. York A. King, B. D. Minister; residence, 18 Magnolia St. Sunday services—Morning prayer 10:30, Worship and Session 10:30, Sunday school 11:45, Young People's Meeting 4 p. m., Evening Service and Praise 7 p. m., Weekly prayer service Thursday evening 7:45, 10:30.
- G. A. R. FRANCIS GOULD POST, 36.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. W. R. C. No. 43, meets on afternoons of same dates, at same place, 2 p. m.
- S. OF V. CAMP 45.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, on the third Wednesday of each month at eight o'clock p. m.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Lawyer's Hand.

"I never expect to live it down," he said as he stood up before the Topeka Commercial club discussing ways and means by which the lawyers and professional men could help in the forward movement for the Kansas capital.

The speaker was John C. Waters, an attorney popular among the young set, but well up in the forties, one of the oldest of Topeka's colony of old bachelors.

Later a reporter for one of the Topeka newspapers asked Waters for an interview. "Not on your life," he replied. "Nothing to say. I was interviewed once, and it will take the balance of my natural life to live it down. In talking about the relation of the lawyers to the people I told the reporter that I thought a lawyer should keep his head on the public pulse. When the printer and proof-reader got through with my statement it said that I thought a lawyer should keep his hand on the public pulse. That was several years ago, and I find that a good many people believe that that is a lawyer's principal business. No more interviews from me on the 'public pulse' question. If I succeed in living this thing down I will keep out of the newspapers."—Kansas City Journal.

A Shrinkage In Glaciers.

Scientists aver that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento, in South America, which descended to the sea when Darwin found it in 1836 is now separated from the shore by a vast expanse of water. The Jacob, shavn glacier in Greenland has retreated four miles since 1850, and the east glacier in Spitzbergen is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine.

In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn 3,000 feet from the lowlands in a century.

The Arapahoe glacier in the Rocky mountains, with characteristic American enterprise, has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. In the eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing. In view of these facts we should not be too skeptical when old men assure us that winters nowadays are not to be compared with the winters of their boyhood.—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Uptown in New York.

"This traveling uptown from below the city hall line between 5 and 6 o'clock is getting to be a serious problem for the man who dreads discomfort. The subway," remarked a passenger, "is the 'turned from Maiden lane into a highway'."

"How far do you go?" queried his companion.

"Only to Twenty-third street, but it's a nuisance just the same."

"That's my station. Come with me and try my new

ARLINGTON LOCAL ITEMS

Continued from page 1.

—Mrs. Carolyn B. Reed will be the soloist at the 7.30 p. m. popular service at First Baptist church, Sunday evening.

—Last night A. B. C. and Newtowne in Gilt Edge bowling series broke even on the home alleys. Newtowne's total was 2614, A. B. C. 2512.

—Last evening Mrs. Blaikie's dancing class enjoyed a fancy dress party in Associates Hall. It was matronized by Mrs. J. H. Shedd who represented night, and Mrs. L. W. Rycroft dressed as day. The costumes were handsome and in great variety and we only regret that our crowded columns restricts any further account of the affair.

—Sunday is Young People's Sunday throughout the Universalist denomination. At the morning service at the Universalist church, the Young People will conduct all the exercises, excepting the sermon, which will be given by the pastor. Subject, "Service the test of worth." It is desired that all the young people, and especially all the members of the Sunday school, shall be present at the service.

—There was special business to claim attention of Post 36, Thursday evening, but observance of Lincoln Day was talked over. The new officers filed their stations with a gratifying meeting of changed conditions. It was voted to attend the National Encampment as a Post and Adjutant John Ewart was made a special committee on arranging details. Assignment of comrades to oversee patriotic work in schools was made.—High school, E. L. Sterling, Russell, A. H. Knowles, Cutter, A. H. Seaver, Crosby, G. W. Barnes, Locke, J. A. Bailey. Belmont comrades will attend to the schools in that town. Though still obliged to use crutches, Quartermaster S. C. Frost was present and made a final report of the recent series of entertainments. The net proceeds footed up \$452.25. The committee on care of the hall has already taken steps looking to making needed repairs, but are not quite ready to ask for estimates as to cost.

Arlington Town Business

Messrs. Crosby and Hendrick of the Board of Selectmen met in their office in Town Hall on Saturday evening of last week.

The police reports for October, November and December were received and placed on file.

The annual report of the Selectmen was read and approved for insertion in the annual Town Reports. Similar reports were submitted by Chief Urquhart of the Police Dept., Chief Peirce of the Fire Dept., Inspector of Signals LeBaron, Inspector of Milk Winn, Town Physician Champion, Inspector of Buildings Gratto. These were all read and accepted.

Blank forms for estimating the annual appropriations for the various departments were received at this time and will be filled out by the Selectmen.

The Board passed a vote appointing First National Bank, Boston, as agent to register and certify all notes of the town of Arlington issued during the financial year of 1910.

Bequests to Arlington.

Arlington would seem to be coming into quite an inheritance of public and semi-charitable institutions, but it is not yet clear as to how they are to be sustained. We have the hospital well underway (the bequest of the late Deacon Symmes), one of our Lend-a-Hand clubs is discussing a "Day Nursery" scheme, and now an "Old Couples' Home" seems to be promised us. This latter project appeals to us more than the others, for it seems more practicable. This latter bequest comes from Mrs. Frances S. Tabor, who died at Maiden a short time ago, and whose seemingly somewhat eccentric will has been referred to in the papers of late. She practically left all her fortune, estimated about \$75,000, to charities. It is stated the major portion of the estate will be devoted to the maintenance of a home for aged men and women in the residence which Mrs. Tabor formerly occupied at 4 Lewis avenue, Arlington, and this institution will be known as the Tabor Home. The deceased stipulated in her will that the occupants should be exclusively adherents of the "Evangelical creed." The will provides that money in the various savings banks previous to the year 1884 shall be turned over to the Boston Bethel and to Tremont Temple in equal shares; the real estate is to be utilized by the American Baptist Home Missionary Society. Other bequests are made to the Home for Destitute Children in Charlestown, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Salvation Army and the Tabor Old Folks' Home at Arlington. We don't know just how long Mrs. Tabor has resided at Arlington, but it must have been some time as she has been a subscriber of the ADVOCATE for several years. It was her custom to spend most of the winter away from her home on Lewis avenue, but she had the ADVOCATE sent wherever she went. Her only companion appears to have been a colored maid by the name of Maud Smith. Mrs. Tabor was a woman of delicate physique, and somewhat eccentric as to dress. She was pleasant in manner and appreciative of small attentions, but gave somewhat the impression of being a semi-recluse, because suffering from neuralgia troubles. Although her appearance would not perhaps indicate the fact, there were certain things that led one to feel that she was a woman of means.

Arlington Historical Society.

In spite of the stormy evening, the usual attendance was present at the monthly meeting of this society, held in Wellington Hall, Arlington, on Tuesday evening. Hon. J. P. Parmenter, the president, presided and Mr. E. E. Fowle, the secretary, read the records of the last meeting. Mrs. C. A. V. Lee, of Chicago, was made a member at this time, and there was presented to the society pictures of the Adams and Squire Russell houses which used to stand at the head of what is now Myrtle street; also, the Cutter-Whittemore house on the corner of Mass. avenue and Water street. A fac-simile of the "New England Courant," issued in 1723, by Franklin, was also a gift made at this time. The next meeting of the society will be held on Monday evening, Feb. 21, so as not to interfere with holiday plans.

Mrs. Geo. Otis Russell was introduced and read a paper on "The early history of the Russell Family." It was a paper of

merit, as its statements, which were clearly defined, were evidently the result of much careful historical research, and incidentally touched the broader sphere of the history of the town. The family was traced back to the ducal family of Roselle of Normandy, which became de Roselle in England where it was one of the names of the nobility. Then the descendants from one John Russell, who came to Cambridge in 1635, who finally settled in Arlington, were traced to the present time. It was found that the family was intimately associated with the official, the professional, the civic, and mercantile interests of the town from the earliest days of the precinct. Jason Russell's heroic part in the events of April 19, 1775, were rehearsed as well as other local data in which town and family had a part. It is interesting to note that two branches of the family meet in the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Russell, both husband and wife being descendants of the same ancestor, but of course a number of generations removed.

Cafe Concert.

The Sowers Lend-a-Hand of Arlington gave a cafe concert and dance in Town Hall, Arlington, Saturday evening, Jan. 29. The young ladies managing the affair report that two hundred tickets were sold, and surely this number was present. As a result of this successful undertaking the Sowers have been able to add a round one hundred dollars to their fund for benevolence. Miss Ruth Hornblower is president of the club and, of course, had the direction of affairs in charge, but she delegated a committee, chairmened by Miss Helen L. Bott, and including Mrs. J. S. Sawyer, Miss Therese Norton, Miss Alice Reed, Mrs. W. Allen Taft, Mrs. Frederick G. Wilder, to have the details in charge. So well were these duties discharged that the evening proved a success in every department. All the members assisted by acting as waitresses and were distinguished from others present by their white lingerie dresses, and arm bands of cardinal tied in a bow-knot. Messrs. Robert Begun and F. C. Wilder were of very material service to the ladies in serving the refreshments and in other useful ways.

The evening from eight to ten was passed at small card tables, thickly scattered about the hall. These formed the centre of small groups of friends who played cards or simply passed the time in conversation and testing the refreshments served. The menu was daintily planned. Quite everything was contributed by the generous friends of the club, including the boxes of chocolates, the cigars, gingerale and the Moxie. Not only was the club fortunate in this direction, but the handsome decorations filling the platform, consisting of all kinds of potted palms and shrubs, were contributed by one of the local florists, while the handsome Japanese lanterns were also loaned. Some Japanese cherry blossoms were too perishable to go out in the rain, so unfortunately had to be dispensed with.

The hall had a very gay and inviting appearance, with the decorations just named to set off a handsomely gowned group of ladies, and gentlemen in full dress. Most of the ladies wore "new hats." There were only a few, strictly speaking, evening toilettes, but those were quite handsome. The concert by Custer was much enjoyed and he gave a great variety of airs from the light operas and popular songs of the day. After ten the hall was quickly cleared, with the assistance of the gentlemen present, the dance was then on and continued until twelve, or rather shortly before this hour. This season, thus far, the dances have been few and far between, which might account for the zest with which this one was welcomed. Quite a group of friends of the club were present from Winchester and it was on the whole hardly a typical Arlington assembly, yet it was a very attractive one and confined to no social set.

Lexington's Winter Carnival.

Bubbling over with enthusiasm, forgetting the temporary disappointment and forgiving the weather man for not providing the proper conditions, the various committees for Carnival Night are glad of the postponement, as it affords an opportunity for a much needed respite before the final rush of affairs. The illumination committee, of which Mr. Malcolm Fay is chairman, has outlined a festive night that will eclipse for brilliancy and gorgeousness anything ever before attempted.

The decorations will require several hundred men working from sunrise to long past midnight to put up lights and take down. The toboggan chute will be trimmed with arches and festoons of red and green incandescents requiring the putting in place of over a thousand lights. Thousands of Japanese lanterns are to be hung along the border line on the trees, and hundreds of flaming torches will outline the various courses for tobogganing, snow shoeing and ski jumping. Then there are the acetylene towers that illuminate the hockey rink and as the beams meet in one huge sun burst diffuse and radiate through the atmosphere causing a brilliancy like daylight.

The confetti finale will be an innovation and an artificial snow storm will be produced as well as rainbow fountains. Everything and everyone, when the plans are completed, will have made possible the holding in Lexington of this winter carnival, and plans are even now under way for next year to make Lexington the center for the championship skating races of the National Association of America.

The publicity department for the carnival have tried to bring to the public attention the event and the postponement, and the arrangements have been made that as soon as the new date is set every newspaper, every electric car and every telephone exchange will have the news at least forty-eight hours in advance, so that the many who have already secured their tickets may not have previous engagements or may be able to postpone them in case they have.

Ladies' Night.

Hiram Lodge, A. F. and A. M., held its annual "ladies' night" on Tuesday evening of this week. It took the form of a banquet, an entertainment and a dance. A company of two hundred and twenty-five ladies and gentlemen were seated at long tables stretching the length of Town Hall, Arlington, where the affair took place. The tables were handsomely decorated and the banquet was in every way a credit to the skill of enter Hardy. Custer's orchestra was stationed on the platform, where the decorations which were used at the Woman's Club on "gentlemen's night" were still in place. Following the banquet there was an address by Worshipful Master Asa L. Durgin,

who introduced as the toastmaster of the evening, District Deputy Grand Master R. Walter Hilliard, who introduced the program of the evening in a happy, genial manner. The speakers were, most of them, Grand Master Dana J. Flanders, Deputy Grand Master Rev. W. H. Rider, D. D., Recording Grand Sec. Thomas W. Davis. The orchestra played delightfully and Mr. Frederick W. Damon managed the dance which closed the evening, with entire success. The entertainment consisted of selections by Weber Male Quartet, which sang beautifully, readings by Miss Grace E. Sanborn, and cello solos by Miss Katherine Halliday. The program was as follows:—

March.	Weber Male Quartet
The King's Pardon.	Miss Sanborn
Cello Solo.	Gayotte.
	Miss Halliday
Water-lilies.	Weber Male Quartet
Reading.	Deacon's New Year.
	Miss Sanborn
Mrs. Cozy.	Weber Male Quartet
Cello Solo.	Romance.
	Miss Halliday
Reading.	Selected.
Lullaby.	Miss Sanborn
	Weber Male Quartet

Silver Wedding.

Belmont, the beautiful home of Col. Everett C. Benton on Oakley road, Belmont, has been the scene of many notable gatherings in the past, but on no previous occasion has the host of friends of Col. Benton ever attended any event there that gave them greater pleasure than when they gathered there Monday evening to assist Col. and Mrs. Benton in observing their silver wedding. On Jan. 24, 1885, Miss Willena Rogers and Everett C. Benton were married in Somerville by Rev. Pitt Dillingham, who, with his wife, were among the guests at the silver wedding. Shortly after the marriage of the couple they came to Belmont to live, and have resided there ever since. Seven children were born to Col. and Mrs. Benton, six of whom are still living. Jay R., Charles E., Rachel A., Dorothy D., Hannah S. and Joseph H. Benton.

Col. and Mrs. Benton received in the southwest parlors, which were transformed into a tropical garden by the magnificent floral decorations. Palms, ferns, greenery of every description, together with a wealth of cut flowers, were arranged by a master hand. Added to this display of nature's beauties, the brilliancy of the scene was enhanced by the elaborate gowns of the ladies. Mrs. Benton wore a beautiful gown of white Italian velvet with a wide band of renaisance lace garnished with pearl and silver trimmings. She carried a bouquet of lines of the valley and of roses. Two thousand invitations were sent out and it is estimated that nearly two-thirds of the number attended the reception.

The Sir Knights of St. Bernard, Commandery, Knights Templars, of which Col. Benton is past commander, presented a butterfly clock. This clock is a reproduction of the original butterfly clock brought from England 150 years ago. The presentation was made by Eminent Commander Richard W. Smith of St. Bernard Commandery. This was a complete surprise to Col. Benton, but he responded to the kind words of Commander Smith and expressed the appreciation of himself and Mrs. Benton. It was requested that there should be no gifts but this was disregarded by some of the intimate friends of the couple who marked the occasion with elegant presents.

Physical Wall-hang.

Cotting Hall, in Arlington High school, was in re than two-thirds filled on Monday afternoon, at five o'clock, by teachers of the public schools in Arlington, parents of pupils and members of Arlington Woman's Club. The occasion was the presence of Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, of Boston, orthopedic specialist, who had been engaged to speak on "Poise and its relation to human efficiency," which is along the line of work being done in the schools under the supervision of the gymnastic teacher, Miss Bessie L. Barnes. Dr. Goldthwait was introduced by superintendent of schools, John F. Scully. Dr. Goldthwait is a quiet, unassuming man, but his wide reputation along his special line makes him an authority for his statements and his lecture was listened to with intense interest. It was void of all technical phrases that might tend to confuse his audience and could well be termed a heart to heart talk with parents and teachers who have in their keeping the power to mould the boys and girls into men and women who will be able to accomplish their life's work in the best possible manner, if they are taught to properly educate the body.

Dr. Goldthwait said it was not the work that usually harms the individual but the way in which we carry the load. He used as a means of illustration the automobile which he said could be used so as to get the best results possible, or it could be abused. The whole point is knowing how to use what the Lord has given us, and especially these bodies. By means of charts and photographs Dr. Goldthwait explained the important organs of the body and their proper relation to each other, and then went on to show how these, by improper poise, are crowded out of their position and made to accomplish their functions in a manner that cannot but in the end bring on disease. He showed photographs of the early Spartans, whose perfect poise is a matter of history; what they were able to accomplish as long as they adhered to the rules of health, and of the decline of the race, which he attributed to the deviations from the high ideal of the sacredness of the body.

Photographs of Abraham Lincoln, Queen of Austria, and others were shown as examples of perfect poise and in comparison were some taken of boys and girls in our schools, several of patients suffering from tuberculosis, all of whom brought out the idea being illustrated by the speaker. Dr. Goldthwait emphasized the importance of gymnastics and of the aesthetic steps introduced by the physical culture lesson feeling that through them more perfect poise could be secured. He said in closing, "train the physical body to be perfect and the mental attainment would take care of itself."

Indian Night.

Lexington Grange called their meeting, held in Historic Hall, Wednesday evening, "Indian Night." The program was an elaborate one and was finely carried out in all respects. It opened with a debate on the question, "Resolved: That the American Indian has been abused." Mrs. Louis C. Sturtevant and Mr. C. S. Teague appeared for the affirmative and Messrs. W. A. Staples and S. P. Robertson for the negative side. It was an intelligent and lively debate. The judges gave the affirmative side the debate as did also the vote of the meeting, the latter being a close one,—27 to 25. The remainder of the evening was de-

voted to a series of tableaux vivants, based on Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha," the readers being Mrs. Warren Urann and Mrs. G. N. Gurney. Very realistic and artistic was the mounting, costuming and staging of the tableaux. The pictures shown included Nacomis and Hiawatha as a papoose, the latter as a little boy, as the lover, the arrow maker and Minnehaha, the betrothal of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, the family and the death of the bride, and the happy hunting ground. A song sung in the death scene made it doubly pathetic. Mrs. B. C. Earle was Nacomis; Mr. Matt. Stevenson, the arrow maker; Miss Louisa Teague, Minnehaha; Walter Early, the boy Hiawatha and Mr. Alonzo Glass, Hiawatha the man. Each seemed to be peculiarly adapted to their part, while the costuming was most effective and realistic. During the wait Mrs. W. A. Staples gave piano solos.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have been appointed and authorized by the selectmen of the town of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, to receive bids and to have taken upon themselves that they will give bonds, as the law directs. All persons desiring to bid upon the estate of said deceased late testator are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to—

HENRY H. KENDALL, Adm.

43 Chatham Avenue,
January 27, 1910.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, JAN. 26, 1910.
The committee on towns will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition authorizing the town of Lexington to borrow money for the purpose of reimbursing itself for money expended from certain trust funds at Room No. 423 State House, on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 10 o'clock a.m. Geo. Bunting, chairman. William Halliday, Clerk of the Committee.

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the decesses, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of AUGUST A. CORR, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, testate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased, not already administered to by one M. Snow, of Belmont, in said County, of Norfolk, without requiring securities on her bond or to some other suit approved by said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

MIDDLESEX, SS. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY.

Petition for Dissolution of said Corporation.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court now sitting in and for the County of Middlesex:—

Respectfully represents your petitioner—that the Robbins Spring Water Company is a corporation organized in accordance with the provisions of the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise real estate in the town of Arlington, and otherwise containing certain springs and selling the water of said springs to dealers and consumers and engaging in the business of selling and vending spring water, that it carried on said business in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex.

2. That the capital stock of said company consists of 1000 shares each of the par value of \$100.

3. That the said corporation has ceased to carry on business and has paid all its debts and has distributed all its assets to the holders of the capital stock, and now has no debts and no assets.

4. That the stockholders of said corporation are desirous to close the concerns of said company and at a special meeting held on the 18th day of December, 1909, voted that through its Treasurer said corporation should petition this honorable court for the dissolution of said Robbins Spring Water Company.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that this Honorable Court will decree a dissolution of said corporation and make such other orders and decrees as to this Honorable Court shall seem meet and proper.

ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY.

By Wm. H. Hamlen, Treasurer.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUFFOLK, SS. Boston, Dec. 23, 1909. Then personally appeared the above named William H. Hamlen, treasurer of the Robbins Spring Water Co., and made oath that the above stated facts are true, before me.

JAMES A. BAILEY, JR., Justice of the Peace.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Jan. 11th, A. D. 1910.

I, upon the petition aforesaid, it appearing by the Court that the petitioner not only a person interested to appear before our Justices of said Court at a special meeting held on the 18th day of March next, but also causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be published in the Arlington Advertiser, a newspaper published in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, for three weeks, three weeks successively, the last publication to be three days at least before the said next mentioned date, that they may then and there show cause, if any they have, why the prayer in said petition should not be granted.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and of the order of the Court thereon.

Attest,

22 Jan 30 RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

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80 " " " "	-	25 "
100 " " " "	-	30 "

200 lbs. up to 600 at one delivery, 25 cts. per cwt.
Chopped ice per basket, 15 cts.

Drivers must not deviate from the above either in price or weight.

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